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Henry B. Morgan



HYMNS OF THE LATIN
CHURCH.



THE DEACONESS TRAINING SCHOOL
OF THE PACIFIC

“With these blest spirits that wear victorious palms,
Songs devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly.”—MILTON.

“Quod essent soliti convenire, carmenque Christo quasi
Deo dicere.”—PLINY.

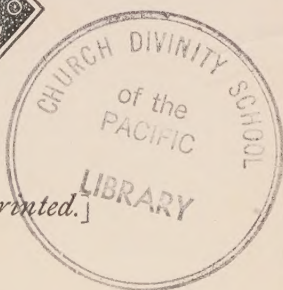
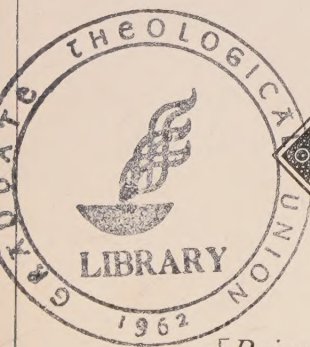
HYMNS OF THE LATIN CHURCH.

TRANSLATED BY

DAVID T. MORGAN.



WITH THE ORIGINALS APPENDED.



[*Privately printed.*]

1871.

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PREFACE.

THESE Hymns were commenced by the translator some years ago, and afterwards continued during intervals of leisure. He now prints them as an offering to his friends, with the following explanatory remarks. First, he has to excuse himself for offering translations of some hymns which have already been more successfully rendered, inasmuch as he had no cognizance of these, with very rare exceptions, when he undertook his own. Next, he must acknowledge that some of the versions given here are only presented as faint echoes of the Latin originals, not in any sense as reproductions of them; and yet, inasmuch

as they were taken in hand with an earnest desire of entering into the spirit of the authors, it is possible here and there that a vein of thought may be found, not yet worked out, which may help the English reader to enter into the mind and spirit of the Latin. Further, he has assumed a certain liberty of translation, and also of omission, with the view of bringing some passages into full harmony with the doctrines of our branch of the Church Catholic, or even with the modes of expression of the present day. But yet, as regards the "Stabat Mater," "Lauda Sion," and other more important Catholic hymns, he has not ventured to alter the literal sense as he comprehended it. Should any object to him a certain tautology, or at least monotony of expression, he would reply that variety seems to be little aimed at by the old hymn writers. They all, with one heart and voice, and in much the same words, proclaim the same grand and unvarying theme—Glory to God and to the Lamb. No attempt has been made to arrange the Hymns chronologically or otherwise. They

are printed in the same order in which they chanced to come under the translator's notice, and he has further, only to beg the reader's indulgence for shortcomings, especially in matters of scholarship. In printing the Latin originals, he supplies material for full comparison on all these points. Lastly, he desires to express his great obligations to the works of Archbishop Trench and the late Dr. Neale, without whose taste, learning, and research, his work could not have been undertaken. That it may, in however humble a degree, tend to the glory of God and the edification of His Church, is the translator's earnest wish.

Sept., 1870.



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CORRIGENDA.

Page 39, line 3 from below, *for* "are found" *read* "abound."

Page 59, line 4 from below, *for* "straight" *read* "strait."

Page 83, line 4 from below, *for* "Now let us" *read* "For this we."

Page 147, line 6, *for* "cypress" *read* "Cyprus."

Page 155, *for* line 4, *read* "One God but Persons Three are there."

Page 155, line 5, *for* "differs" *read* "differing."

Page 155, *for* line 7, *read* "But of 'relation' this must be."

Page 201, heading, *for* "Septuagesimam" *read* "Septuagesimæ."

Page 249, line 6, *for* "Platea" *read* "Plateæ."

Page 259, line 5 from below, *for* "Qui" *read* "Quo."

Page 284, line 6 from below, *for* "Xistum" *read* "Xristum."

Page 291, line 5, *for* "compages" *read* "compago."



I.

MUNDI RENOVATIO.

(*Easter.*)



GAIN the world's new birth
Brings joy to heaven and earth,
Now to her risen Lord awakes crea-
tion all ;

The elements have heard,
And at their Maker's word
Come gladly forth to join in his great festival.

Quick darting fire is there
And liquid floating air,
The gliding waters run, earth's solid mass obeys ;
Light particles ascend,
The weighty downwards tend,
All feel His moving power ; each adds its note of
praise.

Now rests the storm-vex'd Pole,
The waves more softly roll,
And o'er our budding vale the gentle breezes play ;
The gushing spring-tide warms,
Again the verdure charms,
So soon the frozen earth has felt that genial ray.

Broke is death's icy clasp,
No more with fatal grasp
The prince of this world keeps our captive race in
thrall,
While trying to enfold
Him whom he could not hold,
From rescued man he sees the sunder'd fetters fall.

Now life triumphant reigns
O'er death, and man regains
His forfeit claim the joys of Paradise to share ;
The cherubim who stand
Its guardians on each hand,
Now by our God's command,
Hold back the flaming sword and give us entrance
there.

II.

PAULUS SION ARCHITECTUS.



PAUL, an Architect of Sion,
Chosen by his Lord before,
Mighty teacher of the Gentiles,
Christ's redeeming standard bore ;
Vessel elect on whom such grace was shed,
Type of that wondrous Light which o'er the world
should spread.

Dazzled by the Heavenly brightness,
Sightless, Saul to earth is hurl'd,
Paul, enlighten'd by the Spirit,
Rises to inform the world ;
To cherish faith, for virtue plant the way,
And free the nations round from error's deadly sway.

“ Far from me be thoughts of boasting,”

Thus the great Apostle cried,

“ In the Cross alone I'll glory

And in Him The Crucified : ”

All things to bear for Christ, he counted gain,

Himself for Christ would give to share the martyr's
pain.

All the power of human reason

Fail'd to find those truths divine,

Which thro' God's elected servant

In the sacred pages shine ;

Caught up above the angels to the sky,

He brought us lore of Heaven, the wisdom from
on high.

From that fount which freely springeth,

Rich in grace to cleanse from stain,

Thou, O Christ ! our spirit filling,

With Thy prayer our pardon gain !

Thy perfect merit for our vileness plead,

And place us in thy realm, thy citizens indeed !

Amen.

III.

STABAT MATER.



Y His Cross the mother stood,
Hanging on its fatal wood
She beheld her Son ;
All that mournful mother's heart
Piercèd through with cruel smart,
Where a sword had gone !

Oh ! how sorrowing and distrest
Was that mother, ever blest,
Of the Holy One !
What her trembling grief to see
Agonizing on the tree
Her renownèd Son !

Who of men that will not weep
When he sees the anguish deep
By Christ's mother borne ?
Who that gracious mother views
Weeping with her Son, can choose
But with her to mourn ?

For His people's sins she view'd
Jesus suffer buffets rude,
Scourged, in torments groan,
Saw her own dear Son in death
Yielding up His spirit's breath,
Desolate, alone !

Fount of love, O mother ! make
Me that mighty woe partake,
Me to feel thy pain !
Make my heart with fervent love
Burn for Christ my God above
Till His grace I gain !

Holy mother, in my heart
Deeply cause the wounds to smart
Of the Crucified ;

Wounds thy Son vouchsafed to bear,
Pangs for me He suffer'd there,
All with me divide.

Make me mourn with thee indeed,
With the crucified One bleed,
Till my life is o'er ;
By the Cross my stand to keep
And the bitter tears I weep
Join'd with thine to pour.

Virgin, chief of virgins, hail !
Teach me here with thee to wail,
Nor avert thy face ;
Make me so Christ's death to bear,
In His Passion that I share,
And His stripes embrace !

Let these stripes my spirit wound,
Make me drink the grief profound
Of His cup, I pray !
All my soul inflamed with love,
Virgin, plead for me above
On the Judgment Day !

Make the Cross my guardian sure,
Make me through Christ's death secure,
Cherish'd by His grace ;
When this mortal frame shall die,
Grant my soul in bliss on high
Find with Him a place !

Amen.

IV.

ECQUIS BINAS COLUMBINAS.

On the Passion of Our Lord.



H that my soul, upborne on dove-like
wings,

Could swiftly fly

To where the sheltering palm, my
Saviour's Cross,

Spreads forth on high ;

That Cross where hung in agony

He that all nations long'd to see,

The King whose glory none can tell ;

Reproaches there and scorn befell

From passers by.

Awake my heart, Jesu, Thy love unfold,

Thy mercies' store,

And deeply hide me where Thy sacred wounds

Salvation pour !

Firm on the Rock of Ages place,
In shelter'd cavern of Thy grace,
The sparrow here shall find a nest,
My soul in quietness shall rest,
Her sorrows o'er !

Dost thou, my God, my loving Lord, endure
These pangs for me ?
For my unworthiness, oh ! art Thou nail'd
To the sad tree ?
Jesu, to save the thief from loss,
Thou art uplifted on the Cross,
And for my sins Thyself dost give,
Thou very Life, in whom I live,
Death's prey to be ;

Vile as I am, Jesu, Thy love esteems
Me all too high,
And when my heart beats not with answering
love,
Oh, let me die !
Now blessèd be all conquering love
That opens wide the heavens above,

When death's keen arrows sharpest fall,
Love but as dreams regards them all,
That idly fly.

Jesu, whose love redeem'd Thy creature man
From endless pain !

Let that vast love inflame my sluggish soul
With love again ;

Oh ! make my heart indeed to burn,
To Thee with love unceasing turn,
That one with Thee Thy death I die,
Jesu, with Thee to live on high,
With Thee to reign.

Amen.

V.

AMOREM SENSUS ERIGE.



RAISE up our earthly love
To Thee in heaven above,
Oh, Lord of Grace, we pray
That in our hearts may shine
Thy clemency divine,
All guilt's foul shade away !

Man's helpless fallen state,
His sinfulness how great,
Thy pity, Lord, has known ;
By nature prone to ill,
Through weakness erring still,
In misery we groan ;

Before Thy view is brought
Each inmost secret thought,
To Thee all hearts are bare ;
Oh, let not empty dreams
Which this false world esteems,
Thy people's souls ensnare.

To share our earthly woe
The Heavens Thou didst forego,
Thy state of Gl^rory leave ;
To save our souls from loss,
Thou, Jesu, on the Cross
Thyself to death didst give !

Then let the precious tide
That from thy riven side
Came forth a healing stream,
Cleanse all our former stain
And, pure to life again,
The new-born soul redeem !

Strangers, we come from far,
Pilgrims on earth we are,

Who in sad exile roam ;
Oh, lead us back to Thee,
The courts of Life to see,
Our haven, Thou, and home !

Truth and dear charity
Are aye athirst for Thee,
Thou fount of living Grace !
Oh, bliss beyond compare,
The joys Thy people share
Whose eyes behold thy face !

Great is Thy Glory, Lord !
To Thee with one accord
All honour, praise, is given :
Thy servants night and day
Their grateful homage pay
With hearts that mount to Heaven !

Oh, be our care the same,
Through Thy most holy name
To serve Thee, Lord, on earth !
Thy name, Thyself, we need

To make our aims.succeed,
To give them heavenly worth.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever One,
All blessèd Trinity ;
Be glory now, and praise,
And through all coming days
And for eternity.

Amen.

VI.

MAJESTATI SACROSANCTÆ.

(*Epiphany.*)



UNTIL the Majesty on High,
The church triumphant in the sky
Join'd with the church on earth,
Keeps a high Jubilee to-day
Where grateful lips their homage pay,
And hearts that chase all sloth away
Rejoice with sacred mirth.

Lo, Jesse's branch a blossom bears,
The day-spring new a star declares,
While at the lowly shed
Kneel the wise Kings of eastern fame
Who brought by heavenly presage came,
Not wanderers, but by that bright flame
Rejoicing to be led ;

Three Kings their threefold homage bring ;
So God and man in Christ our King,
 With flesh and soul, make One ;—
The Triune God three gifts declare,
Three Persons adoration share,
While to the One in Essence there,
 Is reverent worship done.

Incense and gold and myrrh they pour,
Lavish of costly gifts, yet more
Regarding, 'neath the earthly store,
 A Heavenly Verity ;
Three gifts, three figures, here behold !
In incense God, a King in gold,
 In myrrh mortality :

The incense burns to God alone,
The gold proclaims His kingly throne,
 His wealth and dignity ;
And in the myrrh they bring to-day
Is shown the flesh where God doth stay,
That Body sacred from decay,
 No taint of earth to see.

Do Thou, O Christ, conduct us straight
Up from this valley to the gate
Where living joys the pilgrim wait
 Who the Kings' path has trod ;
There in the Father, and in Thee,
And the Blest Spirit, may we see
 The glory of our God !

Amen.

VII.

NUNQUAM SERENIOR.



OW brightly beam'd the sunshine,
What gladness fill'd the skies,
When rising new at God's command,
Appear'd from His creating Hand
The Heavenly Paradise.

No pow'r the wily serpent
Has there to work his will,
Nor fatal tree's forbidden fruit,
Of soul-destroying sin the root,
Can with its poison kill.

No stain of aught corrupting
Or primal curse is there ;
The plants that in this garden grow
Its joyful freshness ever know,
And breathe life-giving air !

As flowers immortal blooming
Each virtue finds its place,
And all those duteous ranks receive
In streams that still fresh ardour leave,
The dew of heavenly grace.

Midst of the garden standeth,
Author of life and grace,
Jesus Himself that living Tree,
Himself its fruit eternally,
Haste ye, behold his face !

Come through the open door-way,
Come for the path is clear ;
With blessed Mary, oh rejoice
Ye Saints of God, with heart and voice,
Your Paradise is here !

NOTE.—This hymn is altered from the Latin, which is hyperbolical in praise of the B. Virgin, there compared to Paradise.

VIII.

HERI MUNDUS.

(St. Stephen's Day.)



UT yesterday th' exulting world,
Its joyous banners all unfurl'd,
Has kept the Saviour's natal day ;
But yesterday, with hymnings sweet
The angel choir went forth to greet
The King of Heaven upon his way.

To-day the first of martyrs blest,
With triumph enter'd into rest,
Upbraiding all the faithless crew ;
The deacon Stephen, foremost found,
Who great in faith, in life renown'd,
High miracles had power to do.

Now fierce with rage the serpents' brood
Who 'gainst the truth had vainly stood,
 Their lying witnesses prepare ;
As savage prowlers in the night,
These adversaries of the light
 Whet their fell tongues with venom'd care.

Brave warrior ! yield the fight to none ;
Be sure thy great reward is won ;
 Oh, Stephen, grasp the heavenly fruit !
Make those false witnesses turn pale,
Press on them all thy glorious tale,
 And Satan's synagogue confute !

Thy witness is in heaven above,
Faithful and true, of deepest love,
 The witness of thy blamelessness !
Thou hast a name—"The crown to wear,"
Befits thee then these pangs to bear,
 A crown of glory to possess.

That fadeless crown in heaven shall flower,
Oh ! suffer then brief torment's power,—

Thee victory awaiteth sure ;
Death shall be made thy natal day,
And pain that passeth soon away
Gives life for ever to endure.

Fill'd with the Holy Spirit's grace
And bent on high his steadfast face,
Stephen the opening heaven can see ;
God's glory now before his eyes,
He struggles freshly for the prize
With strength that tells of victory.

Lo ! Jesus now, at God's right hand
Fighting for thee Himself doth stand,
Stephen, consider Him and see !
Shout that to thee is heaven unseal'd,
Shout that to thee is Christ reveal'd,
Cry out with voice that echoes free !

And now his parting soul to take,
His Lord he prays, for whose dear sake
Death 'neath the very stones is sweet ;

While before Saul who stones to-day,
The stoners all, their garments lay
That all their guilt in him may meet.

Lord ! not to these impute the blame ;
Such words from pitying Stephen came
Who calling on his Master's name, *¶*
Loud for his blinded murderers pray'd ;
And then in Christ he fell asleep,
Who did to Christ such fealty keep,
And life with Christ shall ever reap,
A first-fruit of the martyrs made.

IX.

NATO NOBIS SALVATORE.

(Christmas Day.)



COME let us celebrate the morn
On which our Saviour Christ was born,
The day of days most bright ;
When unto us a Son was given,
To men appear'd the Lord of Heaven,
The Gentiles' saving Light.

Through Eve's transgression all were slain,
But Christ by His most precious pain
The world's redemption wrought ;
By our first parent death did come,
But joyful Mary's gracious womb
The fruit of life has brought.

God saw from heaven with pitying eye
Neglectful man in darkness lie,
And sent His Son to save ;
Christ in the world, though veil'd from sight,
As hidden bridegroom, forth to light
His glorious presence gave.

Begirt with conquering power He came,
As giant strong of mighty fame,
Death, our proud foe, to quell ;
Swift as a runner to the goal,
Fulfilling in Himself the whole
That law and prophets tell !

Oh, Jesu, Thou our saving health,
In sickness ease, in need our wealth,
Our glory and our peace ;
Thou from Thy gracious mercy's spring
Redemption to our souls dost bring,
Wherefore Thy praise all creatures sing,
With voices ne'er to cease !

Amen.

X.

PONE LUCTUM MAGDALENA.

(On the Resurrection of our Lord.)



H, Mary, put away thy grief
And stay thy tears that fall !
Why weeps the suppliant for relief ?
This is not Simon's hall ;
Glad news of bliss without alloy,
A thousandfold to swell thy joy,
For Alleluias call.

Oh, Mary, lift again thy head,
Thy face from off the ground !
All sin's dark penalty has fled
And brightness reigns around ;
Jesus, the captive world has freed,
O'er death has triumphèd indeed,
Let Alleluias sound !

Joy to thee, Mary! Christ is risen,
Thy sorrow gone for aye,
Forth from the tomb, death's shatter'd prison,
The conqueror mounts on high;
Thou mournedst once his dying pain,
Rejoice to see him risen again,
And Alleluia cry!

See, Mary! His, that gracious brow,
Bent o'er thee from the skies;
Once dead, He ever liveth now,
Before thy dazzled eyes
His precious wounds as jewels shine
And deck anew His life divine;
Let Alleluias rise!

Mary, eternal life is thine!
No more may death appal,
On thee the Master's face shall shine
In His own heavenly hall;
Oh, may our souls thy rapture know,
Our hearts with love as fervent glow!
Sing Alleluia all!

Amen.

XI.

ALLELUIA DULCE CARMEN.



SWEETEST strain, voices of endless
joy!

Ye alleluias!

Dear praises that celestial choirs
employ ;

Blest alleluias !

Where the bright saints for ever staying
In God's own house, their ceaseless homage paying,
Sing alleluia !

Jerusalem, glad mother, aye, doth sing
Her alleluias !

Her joyful citizens' loud voices ring
With alleluia ;

Alas ! can we, amidst our weeping,
By Babylonian streams sad exile keeping,
Sing Zion's hymn ?

Our sinful state now makes us intermit
 Our alleluias ;
Nor with unceasing voices may we yet
 Sing alleluia ;
Soon must we, our past sins bewailing,
Cry out, before the Throne of Grace prevailing,
 Thou Lord, have mercy !

Hear, then, our prayer ! blest Trinity, to Thee
 All praise be given ;
Grant us the supper of the Lamb to see
 With Christ in Heaven ;
There joyful adoration bringing,
Before Thy glorious throne to join in singing
 For ever and for ever, Alleluia !

Amen.

XII.

ALES DIEI NUNTIUS.



HE shrill voic'd herald of the dawn
Proclaims that light is nigh,
Christ, the Awak'ner of our souls,
Calls us to life on high.

“ Up from these slothful beds,” he cries,
“ Your deadly sleep give o'er ;
Awake to righteousness, 'tis I
Am standing at the door.”

On Jesus loudly let us call,
And tears in earnest pour ;
A contrite heart on prayer intent
Forbids to slumber more.

Oh Christ ! do Thou my slumber break,
Unfix the chains of night,
Remember not my former sins,
Fill me anew with light !

XIII.

O ESCA VIATORUM.



BEHOLD the traveller fed,

Lo ! here the angel's bread,

The heavenly manna see ;

Oh ! feed our hunger still

And with thy sweetness fill

The hearts that seek for Thee !

Pure fountain from above

Shed by the Saviour's love,

With power alone to save,

Oh ! hear the vows we bring,

Give us to drink Thy spring,

In Thee our souls to lave !

Jesu, Thy Church's Head,
Whose presence 'neath the bread
We worship, grant us grace,
The veil from off our eyes,
To meet Thee in the skies,
All glorious, face to face !

Amen.

XIII.

O ESCA VIATORUM.

(Version by another Translator.)



GOOD for weary travellers here,
Bread of heaven to angels dear,
Hidden manna God doth give,
Faint are we, our need supply
Nor to longing hearts deny
Thy sweet strength that they may live !

Stream of love ! thy source we own
In the Saviour's heart alone
Which our sorrows stainless bore ;
All our fever'd thirst allay,
On our hearts, that restless pray,
Fullest peace and pardon show'r !

Dearest Lord ! though bread we see,

'Neath its veil we honour Thee

Hidden, but in faith we pray,

We at last, when shadows flee,

May Thine unveiled beauty see,

Face to face in heavenly day !

Amen.

XIV.

MUNDI DECOR, MUNDI FORMA.

(Feast of St. Martha.)



F AIR is the world to mortals given,
With grace and beauty crown'd,
But fairest when the way to heaven
Amidst her paths is found ;
That path is plain though set with cares,
Life's duties, sorrows, blessings, snares,
Yet in God's highest praise it shares,
And leads through holy ground !

This is the feast we keep to-day,
To which the Church invites ;
Christ's faithful hostess dear to God,
Martha, who life's good pathway trod,
Claims our memorial rites.

Behold her bent to serve her Lord
With ministration sweet ;
Nor aught is toilsome, aught is hard,
Her loving zeal to meet ;
Would we in Martha's service share ?
Then let us hearts and homes prepare,
To give the Saviour welcome there,
To labour at His feet.

In action's field, on danger's brink,
In each extremest care,
The soul may sweetly pause to think
And breathe the heavenly air ;
This man for life's strong fight is made,
That other kneels within the shade,
But each his brother well may aid,
His brother's burden bear.

Labour and love entwined should be
Nor aught for self retain,
So each the other's good may see,
Each ease the other's pain ;

As dearest sisters, hand in hand
Who move towards the promised land,
No fear lest fainting on the strand
The weaker soul remain !

Dost thou in mind and heart aspire
To reach the heavenly sphere ?
Then seek with care and oft enquire
What things are needful here ;
The gracious Lord His blessing named
On her the chosen seat who gain'd,
But shall her sister's toil be blamed
Or less with Him appear ?

Acceptance was by Martha gain'd,
Her Saviour's grace she found ;
To show us hospitable care
In this world's blessedness may share
And ready souls for heaven prepare,
Where endless joys . . abound.

Now call we on the mighty King,
Beseeching Him to hear,

Whilst to the Saviour's Cross we cling
 And beg His mercy dear ;
 Pray Him that when this life is o'er,
 For us may ope the heavenly door,
 Then may His accents softly pour,
 " Ye blessed enter here !"

Amen.

NOTE.—The sixth and seventh stanzas of the original are here shortened into one (the seventh).

XV.

QUI PROCEDIS AB UTROQUE.

(Of the Holy Spirit.)



THOU Holy Spirit, blessed One,
Who from the Father and the Son
Together dost proceed ;
Make our dull minds to Thee aspire,
Oh, touch our sluggish lips with fire,
Thy praises forth to speed !

Thou art Thyself the Love, in One,
Both of the Father and the Son,
Their likeness equally ;
All creatures share Thy fostering grace,
Thou mov'st the heavens, Thou fillest space,
Thyself unmoved for aye.

Thy friendly ray, Thy shining light,
How deep soe'er, can put to flight
 The darkness of the soul ;
Through Thee the freed from sin are pure,
Thou, for guilt's leprosy the cure,
 Dost make them clean and whole.

Through Thee the truth shines clear as day,
Thou makest known the peaceful way,
 That path the just shall tread ;
The froward heart Thou passest o'er,
But to Thy wealth of heavenly lore
 Each godly soul is led.

Thy teaching leaves us nought obscure,
Thy presence shields from aught impure ;
 Beneath Thy guiding voice
The gladden'd soul her boast will make,
Conscience Thy purity partake
 And both in Thee rejoice.

The sacred elements through Thee
Their virtue take, Thy energy

Gives sacramental fruit ;
Thy breath can hostile forces quell,
Satan's malicious arts dispel,
And error's voice confute.

Thou com'st to soothe the troubled heart,
Thy presence fills each darken'd part,
And rolls the clouds away ;
A holy fire to cleanse the breast
That scorches not, but gives it rest
From care's corroding sway.

Minds yet unform'd are school'd by Thee,
Souls dead in sloth and apathy
By Thee to life are brought ;
Thou givest speech, Thou formest sound,
Each heart that sheds its good around,
Thy charity has taught.

Oh Thou, that succourest th'opprest,
With Thee the weary learns to rest,
The poor forgets to sigh ;

Make us to scorn the earthly things,
Give us the loving heart that clings
To the dear joys on high !

On Thee the humble soul is stay'd,
The contrite spirit feels Thy aid,
With such Thou lov'st to dwell ;
Oh ! hide our shame, make ills to cease,
From out our discords bring us peace,
And ever guard us well !

Thou with Thy visit erst did cheer
The timorous, sad disciples here
And gav'st them second birth ;
So now to us Thy presence shew,
Let us Thy consolation know,
With all the Church on earth !

Alike the power of all the Three,
Each person like in majesty,
Their Deity is One ;
Thou from the Two proceedest forth,
Coequal also with them both,
Disparity is none.

Since then so great and such Thy part,
For as the Father so Thou art,—

When praise and prayer are made
To God the Father, God the Son,
To Thee be equal homage done,—

Like praises aye be paid !

XVI.

ANGELICE PATRONE.

(The Guardian Angel.)



PROTECTOR angelic,
Blest spirit of love,
My teacher and guardian,
Sent from above,
Due thanks for Thy goodness
How fain would I give ;
Without Thee I dare not
To die or to live.

Companion, counsellor,
Join'd with my life,
Oh, be Thou my leader
In all its long strife !

Thy watchfulness arm me,
O guide me, protect,
Thy spirit inflame me,
Thy teachings direct !

O strengthen me weary
And faint on the way,
Guide back into safety
My footsteps that stray ;
When rocks of offence,
When sin's pitfalls abound,
Let Thy strong arms enfold me
And lift from the ground ;
So, free from earth's falsehoods
My spirit may rise
To where justice and truth
Have their home in the skies !

By demons of darkness
When ambush is laid,
My comrade from heaven
Come thou to my aid,

O'er hell's baffled powers
To triumph with me,
And oh, make me to will
What is pleasing to Thee !

Still point me the pathway
Salvation to win ;
Let my spirit be pure
From the plague-spot of sin ;
So God with my soul
Ever present shall be,
That life everlasting
With Him I may see !

My cradle from danger
Thy presence did shade,
In death's mournful hour
Haste Thou to my aid ;
Hold forth for my comfort
Thy staff and thy rod,
And teach me to die
In peace with my God !

Hear me tell all my sin
Before I go hence,
Let repentance and tears
Wash away mine offence ;
In my last earthly fight
Hope be with me still,
Faith, that knows not to doubt,
And love, strengthen my will,
Till through death's open gate
Thy presence shall shine,
And the things of this world
With joy I resign !

When before the dread throne,
In judgment I stand,
Thou, the angel of grace,
Be my soul in thy hand !
Thy righteousness clothe me,
When raised from the dust,
And glad on the right hand
Place me with the just !

Amen.

XVII.

ALTITUDO QUID HIC JACES?

(On the Festival of the Nativity of our Lord.)



THOU art High and Holy,—
Why dost Thou lie here,
In a stable lowly,
Deignest to appear?
Heaven's lamps burn'd around Thee,
Thou did'st make them all,
Now does cold surround Thee,
Shivering in the stall!

Thou our Strength, our Fastness,
Very weakness made,
Infinite in vastness,
Here a Babe is laid;

Fetter'd with infirmity,
Thou that break'st our chain,
God from all eternity,
Born to suffer pain !

Life's sweet stream is mounting
Where Thy lips are press'd,
And that holy fountain
Is a virgin breast ;
Eyes that moist with sadness
Drop the gather'd tear,
Thine who fill'st with gladness
All the heavenly sphere !

Jesu, what things Thy love for sinful man has
wrought,
Whom exiled far from paradise to safety Thou hast
brought.

XVIII.

AVE CRUCIS DULCE LIGNUM.



AIL, sweetest cross ! to triumph call
The kneeling world around,
For thou, to bear " the Lord of all,"
Alone wast worthy found ;
Jesus, on thee exalted high,
Has conquer'd death, has reach'd the sky,
Destined, as Isaac, to be slain,
Christ's sacrifice complete is man's eternal gain !

Hail, ladder of our sins, on thee
The King of Glory trod,
That through His open footpath, we
The joyful courts of heaven might see,
Man may ascend to God ;

Oh, Lord of Life, true David's seed !
Thou hast restored our life indeed ;
For us Thou mad'st Thyself so low
That a redeemèd world might Thy salvation know.

Hail, Sign of Grace, henceforth to sway,
Thou standard of our king !
Through Thee, their sins all purged away,
His faithful flock in bright array
Shall the good Shepherd bring ;
Oh, may we keep Him at our side,
To realms above our light and guide,
His saving cross of glorious state
With his own precious blood he deign'd to
consecrate !



XIX.

QUID TYRANNE QUID MINARIS ?

(The Martyr's Hymn of Triumph.)



TYRANT, what threatenest thou ? what
pangs in store,
What torments hast thou still ? my
love is more ;

Love makes my anguish sweet, soothes all my pain,
Oh, let me rather die than suffer stain !

Prepare the pile, the stake ; do all thy will,
Thy very worst, my love is stronger still ;
Love makes my torture sweet, soothes all my pain,
Oh, let me rather die than suffer stain !

How sweet the cross ! how painless falls the steel !
Are these brief pangs all that of death I feel ?
A thousandfold such wounds my love shall heal.
Love carries me through all, love conquers pain ;
Oh, let me die, indeed ! but die without a stain !

XX.

JUBILEMUS CORDIS VOCE.

(In praise of the Blessed Trinity.)



WITH heart and voice united,
Raise we the tuneful lay,
To God our strength, the King
Almighty,
Rejoicing homage pay.

Ye sons of men, His offspring,
Ye works of God around,
Oh, make your great Creator's praises
Through the glad world resound !

All things our God created
By the Eternal Son,
And o'er the depths the Spirit moving,
Breathed, when the worlds begun.

In Paradise, all blissful,
God placed His angels bright,
And in the firmament above us,
Sun, moon, and stars, for light.

With birds in wingèd beauty
He deck'd the realms of air ;
With leafy robes, with verdant herbage,
Earth's hills and valleys fair.

God sent His finny treasures
Through ocean's wide domain,
And the four-footed throng rejoicing
To range the fertile plain !

Brought by His gracious guidance
Earth's hidden springs run o'er ;
Below the stars His clouds He hangeth,
Rich with the watery store.

Beneath spring's gentle breathing
God bids the floweret blow,
And, by the autumn sunshine ripen'd,
The ruddy fruit to glow.

Wide o'er the wintry landscape
He spreads His snowy pall,
And gives the golden harvest waving,
'Midst summer suns to fall.

Mankind, O Lord, Thou madest
To rule Thy creatures fair,
With life in paradise his portion,
Had he obeyed Thee there !

But for his sins excluded,
Sad exile, doom'd to roam,
The Incarnate Word, in mercy saving,
Restored him to his home.

Then serve we Christ our Saviour,
With our heart's strength adore,
So may we come to His blest kingdom,
To live for evermore !

Amen.

XXI.

PARRENDUM EST, CEDENDUM EST.

(On Death.)



NEEDS must give way, my soul obey !

Life's latest stage is won ;

The die is thrown, Death claims his
own,

My sand of time is run ;

Adieu to wealth, to hope itself,

My song is nearly done.

Great orb of day, pursue thy way,

Rejoicing as before,

Thy footpath wide the world shall guide,

For me thou shin'st no more ;

The night impends, the daylight ends,

My bark has touch'd the shore.

Fair queen of night, ye planets bright,

Ye golden lamps that burn,

Still from the skies on mortal eyes

Your starry radiance turn ;

To me the tale yon comet pale

Tells of a summons stern.

Now and for e'er, oh, full of care,

Thou worldly world farewell !

(How baseless all this earthly ball

The sons of men may tell) ;

Enough thy wiles, enough thy smiles,

O'er me have cast their spell !

Ye glittering halls, ye marble walls,

With art's rich treasures bright ;

Ye glowing bowers and stately towers,

Transcendent in your height ;

Down at a strait and lowly gate,

Death's coursers make me light.

Ye damsels light, whose forms so bright

Held me your slave at will,

Vain folly's tools and miry pools
That steep'd my soul in ill ;
O'er beauty's smile, o'er syren isle
There comes a shadow chill.

Gay dance and mirth, sweet songs of earth,
Muse that has bridged the sky,
Your echoes cease ; ye voices, peace !
The heavenly choir is nigh ;
The usher Death with bated breath
Whispers,—“ Oh, mortal, die !”

Ye flowing bowls, ye jovial souls
Who feast the board around,
With rosy wine the goblets shine,
The tinkling glasses sound ;
Your call is vain whilst I must drain
The goblet Death has crown'd.

No odours sweet my nostrils greet,
My robes are laid aside ;
Dead is each lust, low in the dust
My cherish'd body's pride ;

For vest of pall, the worms that crawl
My covering shall provide.

Ye titled crowd, ye summits proud,
Where earthly fame I won,
Death's lightnings fall, these perish all,
Set is bright honour's sun ;
Vain phantoms flee, my home I see,
Eternity begun !

Companions dear, whose presence here
Has lighten'd all my toil,
From sparkling jest, from friendship's zest,
Why does my soul recoil ?
With summons rude, see Death intrude,
Our golden hours to spoil !

My body too, farewell to you,
Rest now in Death's kind care ;
My partner still in good and ill,
One summons waits us there,
With me to go, for weal or woe,
An equal lot to share.

Additional Stanza by Translator.

Since then this death which ends our breath
Shews us a life begun,
Since but one prize for heavenward eyes
Is real beneath the sun,
With steadfast face so run thy race
That heaven this prize be won. '

XXII.

AD PERENNIS VITÆ FONTEM.

(On the Glory and Joys of Paradise.)



FOR life's eternal spring
My weary soul athirst,
Longs that her prison soon may ope,
Her fleshly bands may burst ;
For home the exiled spirit yearns,
To Heaven with eager anxious striving turns :

A prey to troubles here,
Oppress'd by earthly woe,
She gazes on the glories lost
To sinful men below ;
The thoughts that forfeit bliss must bring
Add to the present ills a keener sting.

What tongue shall tell of heaven?
Who Sion's courts declare?
The peace that passeth man to know,
The joy that dwelleth there?
Of living pearl behold her walls,
Her towering roofs of gold and shining halls!

With priceless gems alone
Fast knit those walls were laid,
Of purest gold as crystal glass
That city's path is made;
No thing unclean, no taint of sin,
None save the pure of heart can enter in.

Fierce winter's biting frost
No more its rage shall bring,
Nor parching summer's heat they know,
But taste perennial spring:
The purple rose and lily pale
With richest odours fill the scented gale.

Wide lawns of emerald sheen,
Fields fresh with vernal dew,

Breathing a liquid fragrance round
Bloom evermore anew ;
While streams with honey flow, and balmy showers
Drop on the fadeless fruits of amaranthine bowers.

Needs not the starry host
To lend its bright array,
Nor sun and changing moons to bring
Alternate night and day ;
That blissful city knows nor time nor night,
The Lamb of God Himself its changeless light.

While like the glorious sun
Each saint in Heaven doth shine ;
And all, with conquering laurels crown'd,
Join in the hymns divine :
Their ghostly enemy laid low,
Secure they count the terrors of the foe.

Pure from all carnal taint,
Unknown each warring strife,
The flesh, as spirit made, and soul
Possess one mind, one life ;

Free from offence their heavenly joy
And fullest peace they taste without alloy.

Unclothed of earth, they turn
To the Great Source of all,
And in the light of perfect truth
In adoration fall ;
Truth's living fount their spirit fills,
Its sweetness ever new they drink from thousand rills.

Hence comes their brightness, joy,
The spirit's clearest range,
Existent power to live for aye,
A life beyond all change ;
No more are sickness, age, decay,
But youth, fresh springing, companies their way.

Immortal must they be,
Since mortal change is past ;
Corruption's self in them is dead,
Eternal bloom shall last ;
The law of sin and death we see
Yield to the force of immortality.

All-perfect wisdom now
Before their eyes reveal'd,
For them no secret thing remains,
No inward thought is seal'd ;
But all one will, one impulse own,
To each the other's mind with one accord is shown.

Though labours several done
For diverse meed may call,
The merits of each saint become
Through love the grace of all ;
As did on earth pervading love,
So now it maketh theirs all lovely things above.

With bread that angels eat
Those happy souls are fed,
(E'en now on earth for faithful men
That heavenly board is spread,)
As gather'd eagles from the distant skies
Surround their prey and share the destined prize,

So all the blessed host
Of saints and angels met,

The denizens of earth and heaven
To share the feast are set ;
Fulness they taste and sweetness ne'er to cloy,
Feasting they hunger still and in fresh hunger joy.

Hark to the thrilling strain
Which myriad voices raise ;
The pealing organ's solemn sound
Proclaims the Hymn of Praise !
" All honour to the King by whom we reign,"
" Glory and power be His, the Lamb for sinners
slain !"

Thrice-blessed soul of man
Exalted to the sky,
Who now beholds the heavenly King,
Views 'neath the throne on high
This earthly globe majestic roll,
With sun and moon and stars, one glorious perfect
whole.

Oh Christ, Thy soldiers' palm,
Through whom their fields are won,

Bring me within Thy city walls,
My term of warfare done,
In robes of white beneath Thy care
With its blest citizens Thy state to share !

Vouchsafe me now Thy strength,
While labouring in the fight,
And, victor in the last array,
Me to Thy rest invite ;
Oh that the vast reward of all my pain,
Thy endless gift, Thyself, my Heaven, I gain !

Amen.

XXIII.

DIES IRÆ.



THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall melt the world in flames away,
Thus David and the Sibyl say.

On every soul how great a fear
When the world's Judge is coming near,
Whose strict inquiry all must hear.

The trumpet's wondrous sound shall fall,
The nations from their graves to call,
Before the throne to summon all !

Death shall grow pale and nature quake
To see created man awake
An answer to his Judge to make.

The mighty roll shall be outspread,
That ample volume, whence is read
To the whole world its judgment dread.

The Judge shall sit upon His throne,
Each secret thing shall then be known,
Each hidden sin shall vengeance own.

What shall I, wretched man, declare,
Of what protector seek the care,
When e'en the just shall tremble there?

Oh, King with fearful glory deck'd,
Who freely savest Thine elect,
Fountain of pity, me protect!

Thy weary search for me was ta'en,
Thou sav'dst me by Thy cross and pain,
Be not Thy mighty labour vain!

Thou righteous Judge of vengeance due,
To me Thy pardoning grace renew,
Ere on that reckoning day I sue.

As one condemn'd I sigh apace,
All scarlet is my guilty face,
Lord, to a suppliant grant Thy grace!

Favour Thou show'dst to Mary's grief,
Forgiveness to the dying thief,
And hope Thou gav'st for my relief.

Though worthless all the prayers I make,
Yet for Thy tender mercy's sake,
Oh, keep me from the fiery lake!

Grant me among Thy sheep to stand,
Far from the goats, the evil band,
And 'stablish me at Thy right hand.

The cursed shall in terror flee,
Condemn'd in piercing fires to be,
But with the Blessed call Thou me.

Low in the dust I suppliant pray,
My heart, as ashes, melts away,
Be with me at my final day!

Since from the dust mankind shall rise
 Upon that mournful day,
To meet their Judge amidst the skies,
 To Thee, O God, we pray ;
Let our sin-stainèd souls Thy mercy see,
Jesu, our pitying Lord, grant us to rest in Thee !

Amen.

XXIV.

NUNC NOVIS CHRISTUS CELEBRETUR
HYMNIS.*(Easter Hymn.)*

Of Christ our Lord the glorious triumph
sing,
To Him, the conqueror, fresh anthems
bring,
Who by His death Himself destroy'd the sting
Of death and grave.

Back from the tomb its stony barrier rolls,
Forth o'er the prostrate guards His way He holds,
And bursts the chain within whose stifling folds
Creation groan'd!

That flock which fear compell'd to shades of night
Now sees its risen Lord in fullest light,
While, pledges of His love, to faithful sight
His wounds He shows.

To God's bright realm He opes the charter high,
And stands Himself, its living image, by,
Teaching us how to this world men should die,
And live for Heaven.

For ever living, Thou, oh Christ, dost reign,
Grant then that we, redeemèd by Thy pain,
May, through Thy saving life, arise again
To life with Thee !

Now to the Father and the much-loved Son,
Who by his death our endless life has won,
Join'd with th' eternal Spirit, three in one,
Be laud for aye !

Amen.

XXV.

SALVE MUNDI SALUTARE.

(On the Passion of Our Lord.)



SAVIOUR of the world, to Thee,
Blessed One, I bow the knee ;
To Thy cross I'd fain be knit,
For Thy holiness be fit,
Pour down Thy grace on me !

Thee, the King of saints, I own,
Thee the sinner's Hope alone,
Very God, as guilty man
Bowed with drooping limbs, I scan
Upon the felon's tree !

Hard of heart and vile in deed,
What shall I before Thee plead ?
How repay Thy love so high,
Who for me didst freely die
That I might live again ?

Hail Thou, nailèd to the tree,
Agonizing wearily ;
Stretch'd those hands upon the wood,
Thou the Shepherd, Thou the Good,
All hail Thy saving pain !

Hail, oh thorn-becrownèd head,
Face with spittings vile o'erspread ;
Hail that visage, bleeding, marr'd,
Smitten with the reed and scarr'd,
And wounded all with blows !

Hail, my Saviour's wounded side !
There all springs of comfort bide ;
There all love in fulness reigns,
Thence to wash away our stains,
That fount of blood o'erflows !

Bitter stripes, nail-piercèd feet,
Cruel marks my sight that meet,
I embrace them with my heart,
Of thy wounds I feel the smart
While trembling in Thy sight.

Jesu, at Thy feet I lie,
Hear, oh God, a sinner's cry ;
All unworthy though I be,
Show Thy favour still to me
From Thy dear mercy's height.

Since one day I needs must die,
Then be Thou, my Saviour, nigh ;
In the awful hour of death,
Jesu, free my struggling breath,
And guard my soul from loss !

When Thou bidst me hence to go,
Then, dear Lord, Thy presence show ;
Object of my soul's embrace,
Show me then thy very face
Upon the saving cross !

XXVI.

GRAVI ME TERRORE PULSAS.

(On Death.)



AST day of mortal life,

With solemn dread I hearken to thy
knell ;

My quaking flesh and heart within me
melt,

Thy terrors by my anxious soul are felt,

While to herself their form she strives to tell !

Yet who may all unveil

That fearful sight, what tongue has yet express'd
How in her final moments the vex'd soul
Struggles through fleshly bands to reach her goal,
And hastens to be free, and pants for rest ?

Mute is the rigid tongue

And dull the swimming eye, their sense is dead ;
While rattling throat and heaving chest of man,
His stiffening limbs, tell of life's latest span
And all the body's comeliness has fled ;

But to the waking mind

All thoughts and memories of the past are near ;
Each word and deed, each distant year that roll'd,
The unwilling soul must now at once behold,
Where'er she turns, lo, all these things are here !

With what tormenting force

Does conscience self the guilty bosom tear ;
When all the irrevocable past it views,
The good and evil then were free to choose,
Now late repentance profits nothing there.

Each worldly false delight,

The sweetness of the flesh, now turns to gall,
For such brief toys the immortal soul to lose !
All their past nothingness the spirit views
And feels the pangs how great, the joys how
small !

Now that the gazing soul

Looks up to God's most glorious Light on high,
How vile her garment of the flesh appears,
What flood of sin has whelm'd her mortal years,
How gladly from such bondage will she fly.

O Christ, Thou King of kings,

Aid with Thy conquering might my painful toil,
When the last hour shall sound to call me hence,
Be Thou my Saving Rock, my sure defence,
Nor let the envious foe my soul despoil !

The prince of darkness smite,

And with his hellish legions prostrate, quell,
Then Thou, good Shepherd, bring Thy ransom'd
sheep

Home to Thy blissful land for aye to keep,

With Thee, O Source of Light, in joy to dwell.

Amen.

XXVII.

DEUS CREATOR OMNIUM.

(Evening Hymn.)



ALL things, O God, Thou didst create,
The poles of Heaven Thy guidance
wait,
Thou cloth'st the day with rosy light,
And blessed sleep Thou giv'st for night,

That rest may ease our limbs from pain,
And give them fresh to work again,
May bring the weary soul relief
And free it from each anxious grief:

To Thee, O Lord, our thanks we pay,
And kneel in prayer at close of day;
Oh aid this night the vows we bring,
And hearken to the hymn we sing!

Our inmost heart shall breathe Thy praise,
With loudest voice the strain we'll raise,
Each sober mind shall Thee adore,
And purest love, love Thee the more ;

So that when night with gloom profound
Shall cover all in darkness round,
Faith may midst darkness light retain,
And night through faith may shine again !

Oh, let my soul a vigil keep,
Nor, lull'd by sin, too soundly sleep,
Faith's chastening power preserve me pure,
And all sleep's grosser vapours cure !

So from assault of senses free,
My heart's deep dreams shall be of Thee,
Nor by the envious foe's deceit
Shall fear invade that blest retreat.

For this we pray the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One ;
All power is Thine, all things Thy care,
Blest Trinity, oh, hear our prayer !

Amen.

XXVIII.

LUCIS LARGITOR SPLENDIDE.

(Morning Hymn).



THOU glorious Giver of the light
That with serene ethereal ray
After the fleeting hours of night,
Pours back again the stream of day ;

Thou art our light's true harbinger,
Not he the messenger of day,
So named but from a modest star
That gilds the earth with narrow ray.

Thou brighter than the sun dost shine,
Thyself art all the Light and Day,
Through inmost hearts Thy spark Divine
With power illumining finds way.

Oh, come Thou Builder up of all,
Thou splendour of the Father's ray,
If wretched from Thy grace we fall,
Our bodies quake and pine away.

Then with the Holy Spirit fill
These homes where God has deign'd to stay,
Lest open to the ravening will
Of our dire foe, they fall a prey :

So midst our work for fleeting time,
Which life requires and use must pay,
Still may we live exempt from crime,
Thy holy law still guide our way.

Oh, let the chasteness of the soul
Drive all the body's lusts away,
And keep it pure, a temple whole,
Meet for the Spirit's gentle sway.

These are the vows we bring to Thee,
This is the hope of souls that pray—
Still let our nightly guardian be
This Light of Thine we hail to-day !

Amen.

XXIX.

SPLENDOR PATERNÆ GLORIÆ.

(Morning Hymn.)



O Thou, the splendour of the Father's
glory,
Who from that radiance bringest us
the light,
Thyself the Light of Light and Fount of Brightness.
The Day of Days illumining our night.

Thou the true Sun, shine down upon Thy creatures,
(Thou shinest ever, sufferest no decay,)
And all our senses, all our inmost nature
Fill with the Holy Spirit's gracious ray ;

And on the Father let us instant calling,
The Father of eternal glory, pray
That He His all-potential grace bestowing,
Deceitful sin will banish far away ;

Pray Him to nerve us for our earthly combat,
To blunt the weapons of our envious foe,
Amidst the storms of life to raise us falling,
And grant us heavenward on our path to go.

Pray Him our erring minds to rule and govern.
That soul and body pure and true may meet,
And let our faith, with warmest ardour glowing,
Know not the fraudulent poison of deceit.

Oh, may we thankful feed on Christ our Saviour,
And drink His precious blood in faith and love,
While in the Spirit's fervent joy partaking,
We rise in heart and mind to God above.

So this good day with holy gladness passing,
Our modesty as blushing dawn may be,
Our faith as glows the sun's meridian brightness,
And may our soul no darkening twilight see !

Now the bright chariot of the dawn approaches,
May He shine forth our perfect light to be,
The Son, in whom is all the Father's fulness,
The Father, whom in His incarnate Son we see.

Amen.

XXX.

LAUDA SION SALVATOREM.



H Sion, laud thy Saviour's name,
To Him who, king and shepherd,
came,

Thy hymns and anthems raise ;
With thy best strength and power rejoice,
Though all too weak thy utmost voice
To sing that Saviour's praise.

The subject of our praise to-day,
To which all spirits homage pay,
Is that sure food from heaven,
The living and life-giving bread,
Which, when the sacred feast was spread
By Him, the Church's gracious Head,
Was to the brethren given.

Then let our joyful hearts arise
In praise that echoes to the skies,
 Undimm'd by earthly shade ;
These are the grateful vows we pay
To celebrate the glorious day
 When first that feast was made.

With this our table, spread to-day,
The ancient form has pass'd away,
We a new King's new law obey,
 His Paschal feast to hold ;
Shadows by truth are put to flight,
The day-spring banishes the night,
 New things replace the old.

The word which Christ at supper spake
When to the twelve the bread He brake,
 That word we here obey,
And, as enjoin'd, the bread and wine,
To be the sacrifice divine,
 We consecrate to-day.

This is the truth to Christians said,
That into flesh doth pass the bread,

And into blood the wine,
Our outward senses fail us here,
But faith discerns with vision clear
Things inward and divine !

Beneath these forms that meet the eye,
Signs only, not reality,
Are the rich things we gain ;
Christ's Body is our heavenly food,
Our strength'ning drink, His precious Blood ;
While, 'neath both kinds, our hidden God
Himself doth all remain.

They that the sacred Body take,
Christ no wise separate or break,
But whole Himself they taste ;
One taketh, or if thousands be
Takers, to each one cometh He,
Nor doth by using waste.

Here good and bad together meet,
But with unequal lot they eat
Or life or death their due ;

The righteous lives, death claims the bad,
Behold, when both the same have had,
What different fates ensue !

This Sacrament now broke for thee,
Doubt not, beneath this fragment, He,
Thy Lord, doth all abide ;
The inward thing no scissure tears,
Only its sign a fracture bears,
Which, state or stature, naught impairs,
His, that is signified.

Lo, here the bread that angels eat,
Is made for us the pilgrim's meat,
That bread the children love to eat,
Nor may to dogs be given !
In figures old these things were said,
When Isaac was an offering led,
The Paschal lamb a victim, bled,
Manna was sent from Heaven.

Good Shepherd, Thou, our bread indeed,
Jesu, have mercy on our need ;

Us with Thy flock in safety feed
And to Thy living pastures lead,

All precious things to see !

Oh Thou whose power makes all things clear,

Who feedest us poor mortals here,

Let us in Heaven Thy guests appear,

Co-heirs in bliss, companions dear

Of all Thy saints to be !

Amen.

XXXI.

“UT JUCUNDAS CERVUS UNDAS.”



THE thirsty hart pants with desire
The cooling stream to taste ;
So to the living fount of God
The faithful soul will haste.

As the parch'd lips with eager joy
Drink in the waters pure,
So to the soul athirst for grace,
God's presence is the cure.

What great, what glorious gifts, O Lord,
Thy saints from Thee enjoy ;
While he who from Thy light departs,
Would still himself destroy !

Life's purest joy, life's truest peace,
In seeking Thee we find ;
But for the traitor to his God
Comes pain and grief of mind.

All things are joyful to the saints
Who dwell on earth with Thee ;
Their warfare done, their crown is won,
And endless peace they see.

Alas, how vain a phantom calls,
(Though human souls obey,)
When life's false hopes, its hurtful cares,
Steal us from Heaven away.

Oh man, who blindly tak'st the path
Chos'n by thy deadly foe,
Wilt thou not rather on thy way
With the Good Shepherd go ?

Return and know from whence thou art,
What law is giv'n thee here,
Thy state, to whom thou dost pertain,
And what thy being's sphere.

But lower than the angels made,
 Man comes of royal race ;
 And shines a gem of heavenly ray,
 When breath'd upon by grace.

Despise not then thyself, but learn
 The work God gives thee now ;
 Wilt thou but in His fealty stand,
 Heir to His kingdom thou.

His easy yoke, His burden light,
 Oh cast not thou aside,
 Nor, rebel to his righteous law,
 For fleshly lusts provide.

With godly sorrow, holy tears,
 Implore thy Maker's grace,
 Who rightly prays, who truly mourns,
 Shall yet behold His face.

XXXII.

RECORDARE SANCTÆ CRUCIS.



IN the Holy Cross delight,
Thou that wouldest walk aright
On the heavenly way,
Think of all its blessed store,
Ponder on it more and more,
All its glories say.

In thy labour, in thy leisure,
Be it sorrow, be it pleasure,
Where thou takest part,
Smiles or tears, whiche'er thou knowest,
Hold the Cross where'er thou goest
Fixèd in thy heart.

Here thy smallest, greatest care,
Every grief thy heart can share,
 Finds a thorough cure ;
Pains may rack and torments kill,
But the pious soul shall still
 Prove this refuge sure.

Through the Cross Heav'n's gate is won,
Here, the saints their warfare done,
 Conquering enter'd in ;
By the marvel of the Cross,
Love Divine redeems our loss,
 Heals a world from sin.

By the Cross man's spirit lives,
True and shining light it gives,
 Sweetness to his heart ;
Such the life God's saints enjoy,
Such the treasure they employ,
 Such their chosen part.

See the glorious banner wave
O'er that Leader strong to save

Every faithful son,
By this sign His ransom'd know
Joy and comfort here below,
Bliss immortal won.

In the Cross, a goodly tree,
Laden full of fruits we see,
Hallow'd by Christ's blood,
Fruits that draw the soul away
At her Lord's high feast to stay,
Fed with heavenly food.

Honour then the saving Cross,
Count as nothing all the loss
Of the world beside ;
With thy mind and with thy heart,
With thy strength of every part
Love the Crucified !

XXXIII.

PRIMO DIERUM OMNIUM.



WELCOME, thou chiefest of all days
That on the new-made world didst
shine,
When heaven and earth came forth to
praise,
And God approved His work divine ;
Thou too beheld'st the Saviour rise,
His work accomplish'd, to the skies !

Now let us all with willing feet
Arise and hail the coming day,
With hearts athirst our Lord to meet,
For His all-pitying grace to pray ;

As holy David tells aright,
Seek Him 'midst watches of the night !

May He in answer to our cry
Stretch forth His arm so strong to save,
Nor our sin-spotted hearts deny
In His redeeming blood to lave ;
Then, purified from guilty stain,
Restore us to Himself again.

That when on this His holy day
Our grateful hymns and anthems rise,
While pass the quiet hours away,
He may accept our sacrifice,
Till with His gifts our souls are blest,
Who now on earth desire His rest.

And Thou, Almighty Father, Lord
Of clearest light, the Heavenly King,
To Thee our prayers, each thought and word,
Through Thy dear Son, we dare to bring ;
Oh keep us from vile lusts away,
And every deed of evil, stay.

Lest, all enseat'd with mortal sin,
This house of clay in which we dwell
Shall with the undying soul within
Fall headlong in the pit of hell ;
How shall we 'scape that bitter pain,
Whom sin and base defilements stain ?

Then let us Thy redemption share,
Thou, Saviour Christ, to whom we pray,
Grievous the marks of sin we bear,
But Thou canst wash them all away ;
Oh, grant us, gracious Lord, with Thee
Eternal life in heaven to see !

Amen.

XXXIV.

AD CŒNAM AGNI PROVIDI.



T the Lamb's high table set,
Joyful pilgrims, we are met,
Through the Red Sea billows past,
To the shore have come at last,
Clothed in robes of white, to sing
Glory unto Christ our King!

On the altar of the Cross,
Victim to redeem our loss,
Here the sacred body lies,
Smokes to heaven the Sacrifice;
Here we drink His precious blood,
Drinking this we live to God.

Fenced from evil have we slept,
Christ Himself our door has kept,
From the angel's stroke to guard,
From our souls each plague to ward,
He redeem'd from Egypt's pain,
Snatches us from Satan's reign !

Now our Paschal feast is spread,
Christ Himself the Lamb who bled ;
All sin's ancient leaven gone,
Christ, sincerity alone,
In His flesh our ransom free,
Truth's unleaven'd bread we see.

Priceless offering, endless gift,
Thou our heavy load didst lift,
From Thy captive people fell,
Broke by Thee, the chains of hell,
Sunk in deadly darkness all
Thou to light and life didst call !

Our victorious Lord is risen
From the tomb, death's broken prison,

He our Joseph from the cell,
Prophet from the darksome well,
Gives our tyrant to the chain,
Opens Paradise again !

Hear us then, O Lord, we pray,
On this joyful Easter day,
All things good from Thee proceed,
Aid our bodies in their need,
Keep our spirits pure within,
Save us, Lord, from mortal sin !

Amen

XXXV.

URBS HIERUSALEM BEATA.

(Hymn for the Dedication of a Church.)



HAILE, Jerusalem ! the blessed, peaceful
city, vision dear,
Out of living stones compacted, see,
thy heavenly walls appear,
Fresh adorn'd by hands of angels, as a bride that
draweth near

From her chamber in the heavens, glorious in her
beauty's pride,
Deck'd to meet the bridegroom's presence, with her
virgin train beside,
So that golden city shineth, tower and wall and
roadway wide ;

Set with orient pearl her portals, open night and
day the same,
Here, through Christ's sufficing merits, entrance
every soul shall claim,
Who, for His dear sake, has suffer'd in the world
reproach and shame.

Sharp the blows and deep the sculpture gave those
stones their fitting grace,
By the heavenly builder chosen, tried and fashion'd
for their place,
In His temple, polish'd, perfect, aye to shine before
His face.

For the building's sure foundation Christ was set,
of purpose high,
Corner stone elect and precious, every part in one
to tie,
Him the Heaven of heavens receivèd, Him our
Sion trusts for aye.

Through the whole of that glad city dear to God
her heavenly King,

Jubilant to sweetest music loud their tuneful voices
 ring,
 Glory to the Triune Godhead, One for ever Blest,
 they sing.

Here in this Thy holy temple, Lord Almighty, hear
 our prayer,
 Sinners, we beseech thy mercy, helpless all, we
 need thy care,
 Thou Thy saints hast largely blessèd, let us too Thy
 blessing share !

So may we that kneel before Thee here our ask'd
 petitions gain,
 And to paradise that Salem, gracious entrance all
 obtain,
 To Thy joyful rest translated, with the saints in
 bliss to reign !

Amen.

XXXVI.

VENI REDEMPTOR GENTIUM.



REDEEMER of the world, do Thou
draw near,
The Virgin-born, Thyself, our King,
we greet ;

Let all the world with rapt amazement hear
That wondrous birth which for her God is meet !

Not by the will of man or mortal seed,
But by the Spirit's breathed mysterious grace ;
The Word of God became our flesh indeed,
And grew a tender plant of human race.

Lo, Mary's virgin womb its burthen bears,
Her virgin purity and truth remain :
Their King's approach yon shining band declares,
And in His temple God appears to reign.

From His bright chamber, virtue's holy shrine,
 The royal Bridegroom cometh to the day ;
 Of twofold substance, human and divine,
 As giant swift, rejoicing on His way.

Forth from His Father, to the world He goes,
 Back to the Father's face His way regains,
 Far down to souls below His glory shows,
 Again at God's right hand victorious reigns.

With the Eternal Father equal, Thou
 Girt with our flesh dost triumph evermore,
 Strength'ning with endless grace and mercy now,
 Our feeble nature from Thy living store.¹

Now doth the lowly manger radiant shine!
 Fresh on the breath of night Thy splendour grows,
 So may our spirits glow with faith divine,
 Where no dark cloud of sin shall interpose !

Amen.

¹ *Vide* Trench's explanation of this verse in the Latin.

XXXVII.

SALVETE FLORES MARTYRUM.

(Holy Innocents.)



WEET martyr flowers, fresh from your
early dawn,
By ruthless Herod torn away ;
As opening roses strew the ravag'd
lawn

Beneath the tempest's sway !

Before Christ's altar, lo, a tender band,
First victims for their God, appear ;
Seem but as toys in sportive infant's hand,
The wreath and palms they bear :

Those startling words have reach'd the tyrant's ear.

When from the East the Magi came,

“ Behold, to David's throne a Prince draws near,
To rule o'er Israel's name.”

How fiercely raged the savage Herod's wrath,

No fear of God or man withstood,

“ Go sweep,” he cries, “ this rival from my path,
And quench our fears in blood !



“ No male of tender age thy hand shall spare,
Search e'en the mother's fostering breast ;
Lest but one nursling, guarded by her care,
My vengeful will arrest !”

Then raged the men of blood with hellish might,
Their thirsty daggers sought the prey ;
Each infant soul but newly call'd to light,
Was torn from earth away.

Oh sight of horror through that blood-stain'd land.
Voices of more than mortal woe,
Scarce in your darling's limbs the murderer's hand
Found room to plant the blow.

Great God of Heaven ! shall mortal man oppose,
Or Herod's guilt, Thy purpose stay ?
Alone 'midst victims, safely through his foes,
Thy Christ goes on His way !

XXXVIII.

VERBUM DEI DEO NATUM.

(St. John the Divine.)



NOT made nor yet created, came
The Word of God to bear our human
name,
But born of God, replete with grace,
Him John beholding face to face,
Touch'd Him with hands, saw Him with glory
shine,
And from the Heavens to man unseal'd his worth
divine.

'Midst the deep channels fix'd of yore,
Through ages long the stream of truth to pour.

The crystal fount of life to bring,
Which from beneath God's throne doth spring,
And proffer to the world that nectar bright,
The lov'd apostle John leap'd forth to fullest light.

His piercing gaze on Heaven intent,
Forth from lone Patmos John in spirit went ;
Past circling worlds he soar'd in flight
Up to the source of perfect light,
Shaded by seraphs' wings he view'd the throne
All dazzling white, of God, and Him that sat thereon :

He heard those words the elders sing,
The harps around the throne responsive ring,
Immortal voices, deathless lay,
To God and to the Lamb for aye ;
Taught of the Trinity, John bore their seal,
And with that Heavenly truth impress'd our com-
monweal.

With boundless range our eagle flew,
Nor seer nor prophet old such vision knew,

The gospel scheme he saw complete,
In Christ each promised blessing meet ;
With all that in the mighty future lies,
No soul of man more pure beheld such mysteries !

Our Lord in garments dyed with red,
Came forth with conquering might, by prophets
said,
But dimly known to mortal eye,
Then from His palace in the sky
Ezekiel's eagle, faithful John, he sent,
Who to His Church should show all gracious things
he meant.

Belovèd of the Bridegroom, tell
His message to the Bride he loves so well ;
How that he cometh yet to bless
His own with perfect holiness,
How angels' food to mortal man is given,
How in the Bridegroom's sight rejoice the saints in
Heaven !

Thou that on earth didst freely share,
On Jesus breast, His heavenly feast, declare

How in this bread our souls may feed
On Him the spirit's life indeed ;
So shall our praises rise before the throne
To God and to the Lamb, high o'er th' ethereal
zone !

Amen.

XXXIX.

IN TRIUMPHUM MORS MUTATUR.

(Celebration of Holy Martyrs.)

DEATH that erewhile was link'd with
shame,
Now calls to triumph high,
The martyr lives to deathless fame,
Where guilt was doom'd to die ;
O sight befitting heavenly eyes,
Field where God's angels deal the prize,
The cross of Christ till latest breath
Embracing, sweet the martyr's death.

He spurn'd the flattering world's delight,
Broke from her evil spell,
And now he overcomes in fight
The raging powers of hell ;

By the bright world not led astray,
For God had shown a brighter way,
Not the world's wrath his soul could fright,
God's wrath alone he dared not slight.

What force shall bend the martyr's will,
Or power compel his fall?
In fear of God he combats still,
Through love he conquers all ;
Love strong as death asserts its sway
And takes the fear of death away,
E'en now the victor grasps his prize,
And vanquish'd Death his captive lies.

While sinks beneath th' empurpled blade
That outward form we see,
The inward man anew is made,
Fresh for eternity ;
Thou that with all-supporting hand
Didst by Thy dying martyr stand,
With that right arm which help'd his need,
Oh, make our weakness strength indeed !

Foes fiercer, though in bloodless strife,
Now vex the soul within,
Through fear or love, this fleeting life
Draws us by turns to sin ;
Oh let us not things mortal fear,
But keep Thy wholesome terror near,
Lest earthly fading joys we love,
Lord, draw our hearts to Thee above !

Amen.

XL.

“ SUPERNÆ MATRIS GAUDIA.”

(*All Saints' Day.*)



HOSE endless joys the Church on
earth portrays
That with her heavenly mother dwell
on high,

But while each year brings round her festal days,
For that perennial feast she fain must sigh.

Oh, may our heavenly mother still defend
Her daughter struggling 'midst this vale of woe,
And from above, her angel warriors send
To stand beside us 'gainst our deadly foe !

The fleshly lust, the world in fullest pride,
The subtle demon's whisper'd thought of sin,

In thronging forms assail on every side
And spoil our Sabbath of the heart within.

The Church's goodly path, her feasts, they hate,
Our soul's refreshments, all, would make their
prey,
And that unholy league with power elate
Would drive the peace of God from earth away.

Here, in confusion, born, alas ! of sin,
Our hopes and fears, our joys and sorrows lie,
Scarce can the soul amidst that jarring din
List for one hour the silent peace on high.

Oh feasts in heaven of bliss beyond compare,
Where all in one rejoicing circle move,
Oh blessed city, courts unknown to care,
In which no place is found for aught but love !

Nor languor there nor chilling age is found,
No fraud can reach, no terror of their foes,
With one accord their joyful voices sound,
And with like ardour every bosom glows.

'There 'neath the threefold hierarchy of heaven
Th' angelic citizens all joyful rest,
Such bliss to them their monarch's rule has given.
The triune King, one God for ever blest.

Their zeal no weakness clogs, no doubts to shake
Their trust in Him whom seeing they adore,
Their God, the feast those happy souls partake,
And still fresh bliss enjoying, thirst for more.

The fathers there in duteous order ranged,
Each in his portion'd meed, their places hold,
All error gone, and dark to brightness changed,
The light of Perfect Light their eyes behold.

And these blest children of their Saviour's grace.
The saints whose feast we celebrate to-day,
In glory now see His unveiled face,
To Him their King eternal homage pay.

Us too, who now on earth these glories sing,
When from the burden of the flesh set free,
May Christ through His all-gracious mercy bring
To join His saints in endless company !

Amen.

XLI.

" PORTAS VESTRAS ÆTERNALES."

(*Ascension Hymn*)



IFT up th' eternal gate,
Set wide the heavenly door,
Ye angel guards that wait,
Behold, your watch is o'er !
The Lord of hosts triumphant comes to reign,
Rejoice to see the King, girt with his glorious train !

Of white and ruddy hue¹
His visage shineth bright,
And crimson to the view
His robe of dazzling light,

¹ Song of Solomon, v. iii.

So on His joyful path the heavenly King
Proceeds in mighty strength, His thousands
following !

Alone He trod the way,
Salvation to prepare,
But now a vast array
Their risen Lord declare,
Forth from the Saviour's blood that harvest springs,
And these firstfruits for heaven, now with Himself
He brings.

Lo, Judah's lion dread,
The seed that was to be,
Hath bruised the serpent's head,
Hath triumph'd gloriously ;
Praise to our God lo Sion's ruins rise,
And her redeemèd sons claim heirship in the skies !

Oh Christ, triumphant reign,
Thou Prince of endless peace,
Who freed us from our chain,
Whose mercy ne'er shall cease,

Victor o'er death, Thou giv'st immortal days,
The courts of Heaven rejoice to echo forth Thy
praise !

Thou opest the realms above,
And for Thy servants there,
Still with unfailing love
Bright mansions dost prepare,
Then grant me, Lord, Thy servant here to be,
And join my voice on earth to swell Thy jubilee !

So when this fleeting race
Of troubled life is o'er,
May I, upborne by grace,
To Thy blest presence soar,
Thyself, O Christ, upon the throne to see,
Where at the Father's side Thou reign'st eternally.

Amen.

XLII.

GLORIOSI SALVATORIS.

(Festival of the Holy Name of Jesus.)



HE glories of the Saviour's name,
Which ere time's circling ages came,
Deep hidden in the Father's bosom
lay,
In accents breathing heavenly dew,
That tell of mercies ever new,
Our holy mother church proclaims to-day.

List to the sweet, the precious name, the name
ineffable,
Jesu, that sweetest sound of all, Thy name
delectable
Frees us from pain and guilty stain, oh name most
amiable !

This is the name to be ador'd, supreme in majesty,
This calms our fears, this dries our tears 'midst
 deepest misery,
All worthy name whose praise and fame fill the
 bright courts on high !

The preaching of that gracious name is music to
 the ear,
Who calleth on that name for aid tastes honied
 sweetness here,
In thought so high, faith mounts the sky, and sees
 her Saviour near.

Jesu, Thy name above all names exalted high of
 right,
A name of fear which demons hear and tremble
 with affright,
Through love divine, on men doth shine, and
 brings us life and light !

Then let us all with one acclaim
Extol our blessed Saviour's name,

So be that name implanted in each heart,—
No power shall tear its roots away,
That with the saints in bright array,
We unto Heaven may come, from Christ no more
to part.

Amen.

XLIII.

VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS.



REATOR Spirit, come in love,

Our struggling souls to aid,

And fill with grace from heaven
above

The hearts that Thou hast made.

Our Comforter, thrice blessed name!—

Thou gift of God most high,

The spirit's unction, virtue's flame,

Fount of dear charity.

With sevenfold gift our hearts to reach,

God's finger,—there to write,

Thou pour'dst the wondrous wealth of speech,

Thyself our promised light.

O light Thy flame within each heart,
With love our spirits fill;
And though our body's strength depart,
Thy strength support us still!

Far from before us drive the foe,
Nor peace, thy gift, delay;
No evil chance our souls can know
With Thee to point the way.

Grant us, for meed, Thy heavenly joy,
Thy graces, for increase;—
The hateful bonds of strife destroy,
Unite us in Thy peace.

May we the Father and the Son
Know truly,—through Thy lore,
And Thee of both, O Blessed One,
Believing, aye adore.—

To Father, Son, and Spirit's love
Now let all praise ascend,
And on our souls may Christ above
That gracious Spirit send.

Amen.

XLIII.

VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS.

(A like version to the last, but in different metre.)



CREATOR Spirit, come in love,
And let our hearts thy presence
know ;
Made by Thy power, with life
they glow,—
O bring them grace from Heaven above !

Our Comforter, thrice blessed name !
Thou priceless gift of God most high,
The living fount of charity,
The spirit's unction, virtue's flame.

With sevenfold gift our hearts to reach,
God's finger there His law to write,
Thyself the Church's promised light—
Didst pour the mighty wealth of speech.

O may Thy love our spirits fill,
Thy fire inflame our inmost heart,—
Though power and strength and life depart,
Thy mighty power shall raise us still.

Far from before us drive the foe,
Nor peace, thy precious gift,—delay ;
With Thee before to point the way,
No evil chance our souls shall know.

O make us more and more increase
In heavenly graces, purest joy,
The hateful bonds of strife destroy,
Knit us together in Thy peace.

May we the Father and the Son
Know truly, through Thy heavenly lore,
And Thee, O Spirit, aye adore,
From both proceeding, Blessed One !

Now through the ages ne'er to end,
Praise Father, Son, and Spirit's love,
And to our souls may Christ above—
That unction of the Spirit send.

Amen.

XLIV.

TOTUM, DEUS, IN TE SPERO.



Y God, in whom alone my trust has
stood,

On Thee I call ;—

Thou art my praise, Thyself my every
good ;

Thou gav'st me all ;—

'Midst my labour Thou art rest,

In my sickness healing blest,

Thou 'midst grief my tuneful lyre,

Heavenly balm,—Thou sooth'st my ire,

Freest me from narrow strait,

Fallen, raisest me elate ;

In Thy strength I forward go,

Am I reft of all below,—

Still in Thee my hope I know ;

When my threat'ning foes surround,
Thou their utmost rage canst stay,
When their poison'd arrows wound,
Thou hast said, " I will repay."
Touch'd by Thy piercing ray, doubt's thickest cloud
Is dark no more ;
All that to mortal view is not allow'd
Thou coverest o'er.

Oh, then, protect me lest I fall
Headlong to th' infernal hall,
There is wailing, there are fears,
Loathsome foulness, hopeless tears ;
There all shameful things are known,
Sinners there, confusion own,
There his lash the torturer plyeth,
And the worm that never dieth,
There all these for ever dwell,—
Endless is the death of hell !

But me to Sion's temple bright,
To David's peaceful city,—bring,
Whose builder is the Lord of Light,
Where joyful reigns the heavenly King ;

See that city's portals fair,
From the cross of Christ are made,
None may gain an entrance there,
Save beneath its glorious shade ;
Walls compact of living stone
Gird her round with shining zone ;
There is light that cannot cease,
Endless spring, eternal peace ;
There sweet odours fill the sky,
Ever springeth melody ;
Pure from each corrupting taint,
Free from failure or complaint,
All are shapely, all are fair,
Made in Christ's own image there ;—
City on thy rock secure,
Heavenly Salem, ever blest,
City, by thy harbour sure,
Lo, I fly to thee for rest ;
Thee my eager soul desires,
Thee it pants for, thee requires,
Unto thee I make my cry,
And hail thee from afar with longing ecstasy.

How thy people joy on high,

What their glad festivity,—

Knit with what a wondrous love ;—

How thy walls with gems are strown,

Sapphire, onyx, jacinth stone,

To the dwellers there is known,

To thy saints who reign above.—

O, may I too in that blest place,

Join'd with the pious throng,—

Obtain, with Moses and Elias,—grace

To sing the heavenly song—Alleluia !

Amen.

XLV.

JAM MÆSTA QUIESCE QUERELA.

(Funeral Hymn.)



EASE, mourner, thou that weepst
here,
Nor let fresh tears thy cheek
bedew,

Death that has snatch'd thy pledges dear,
But fits them for the life anew.

That body now which soulless lies,
To its still resting-place consign'd,
A breathing living form shall rise,
All the deep powers of sense to find.

When time's swift course shall end,—behold
 These bones again with warmth must glow,
Cloth'd with their fleshly garb of old,
 While through the veins life's currents flow.

Supine, in narrow cell enchain'd,
 They moulder'd long,—corruption's prey ;
Once more their kindred soul regain'd,—
 Swift through the air to wing their way.

So cloth'd with shining verdure now,
 Dry seed that into earth was cast,
Fresh springing from the ground below,
 Prepares again the harvest past.

Then take, O earth, this precious dust,
 And in thy sheltering bosom bear
This frame of man we here entrust,—
 These relics of our love and care.

Here the immortal spirit dwelt,
 Pure by its great Creator made ;
Here wisdom's heavenly power was felt,
 With Christ for Author and for aid.

And He who shaped this mortal clay,
Author and fashioner of all ;—
When comes the sure appointed day,
These gifts of his to light shall call.

Then every hope fulfill'd by God,
This veiled image of His face,—
Now placed beneath thy covering sod,
Again, O earth, thou must replace !

What though 'neath time's dissolving wand,
This frame of man shall disappear,
Though but the compass of a hand,
Some dusty relics,—linger here ;

Though winds may scatter in their wrath,
Or flames resistless in their sway
May sweep these atoms from their path,—
The man shall perish not for aye.

But till these elements, O Lord,
Again with form thou dost invest,
Say where, obedient to Thy word,
Shall the pure spirit find her rest ?

Safely she comes to that blest place,
With faithful Abraham to dwell,
Where Lazarus in blissful case—
Dives beholds afar from hell !

The pardon'd thief rejoicing heard
Thy call in Paradise to be,
So we, O Christ, obey that word,
And on Thy path we follow Thee.

Lo, clear and shining up to heaven,
That path for faithful souls is plain,
Where Adam first from bliss was driven—
Redeem'd man now comes again.

Thick from our hands be violets strown,
This cherish'd earth to cover o'er,
And on the cold memorial stone
Soft liquid odours let us pour !

XLVI.

ZYMA VETUS EXPURGETUR.

(*Easter.*)



URGE the old leaven all away,
No malice in our hearts must stay
While on the resurrection day

We keep the festival ;

This day which crowns our utmost hope,

Of wondrous power, of endless scope,

As law and prophets tell.

See Israel bound by Pharaoh's law

To tasks of mortar, brick and straw,

Pursue the bitter toil ;

This day their slavish labour ends,

Forth from the iron furnace sends,—

Gives Egypt for their spoil.

Now to the King of heavenly might,
Who makes us triumph in the fight,
 Pour forth the grateful strain,
This is the day the Lord hath made,
Our sin-afflicted souls to aid,—
 To cure our mortal pain !

The law its onward shadow throws,
In Christ the lines of promise close,
 And full completion see,
Christ's precious blood, so freely pour'd—
Quench'd with its stream the flaming sword
 To give us Eden free.

Type of our joy¹ on earth begun,
 Of our eternal gain,—
To joyful Sara came her son—
In whom Messiah's line should run,—
 For whom the ram was slain ;
As Joseph issued from the well,
So Christ our Lord was raised from hell
 Thenceforth with might to reign,

See Aaron's wondrous rod devour
The serpents' magic pride,
So Christ o'ercame the serpent's power,
His evil spells defied ;—
When 'neath the serpents' fiery breath
Rebellious Israel tasted death,
What arm could soothe their grief?
Their Saviour's token hung on high,
The brazen serpent 'gainst the sky
Shone forth to bring relief.

Christ's hook is in the dragon's jaw,—
Bridled by Christ, the ravening maw
Which wide as hell did gape,—
Within the basilisk's fell shade
The weanèd child his hand has laid,
Thence flies our ancient foe dismay'd,
His conqueror Christ to scape.

Upon the mount by Bethel's path
The scorers felt Elisha's wrath,
So on her awful day,

Jerusalem, whose bitter scorn
 On Calvary her Lord had borne,
 Now by remorseless eagles torn,
 With her slain children lay ;—
 David from Achish' presence hies,
 A madman held to be,—
 The scapegoat to the desert flies,—
 And bird ² for cleansing sacrifice,—
 So Christ, to make us free !

Samson a Gentile wife has ta'en,
 And Philistines, a thousand, slain,—
 God's scourge on Israel's foe ;—
 Rising, he breaks the locks of brass,
 And Gaza's gates, a pond'rous mass,
 Bears to the mountain's brow :

So Christ, our Judah's Lion,³ broke
 The gates of death with mighty stroke,
 And the third day He rose,
 Call'd by His Father to the sky,
 He bore His glorious spoils on high,
 And there the trophy shows.

Jonah, three days 'midst darkness bound,
Escaped from realms of night,
Type of his Lord, in hell profound,
Who forth from out the darksome ground
Was render'd to the light ;—
Now buds again the Cyprus vine,⁴
Afresh with glowing fruit to shine,
As Christ return'd with power divine,
Fruits of His death to bring,—
The fading synagogue decays,
The Church in fullest glory stays
To bloom in endless spring.

So life and death in conflict strove,
And Christ, indeed, to heaven above
Arose right gloriously,
While saints, who witness of His love,
Rose with their Lord on high :
Then let this morn with joyful light
Our evening's sorrow put to flight,
For Christ, our life, has fought the fight,
Has gain'd us victory !

Victorious Lord, to Thee we pray,
 Jesu, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
 Who died, the rage of death to stay,
 Let us Thy Paschal joys to-day
 With trusting hearts embrace ;
 Thou, living Bread, Thou, living Stream,
 True Vine, that does with richness teem,
 So feed us with Thy grace,
 That through those cleansing waters pure,
 We, from the second death secure,
 In heaven may see Thy face!

Amen.

¹ Allusion is here made to the name of Isaac, which signifies laughter in the original language, and therefore by inference, joy.

² Vide Leviticus xiv. 49-53.

³ In the original Latin, reference is also intended by this metaphor to the mediæval legend of the lion's whelps born dead, but roused on the third day by the roar of their sire, as mentioned by Origen. In the English this is not necessary.

⁴ Canticles, i. 13, Vulgate.

XLVII.

VOX SONORA NOSTRI CHORI.

(St. Catherine's Day.)



COME, let our choir with full accord
Their tuneful homage pay
To Him, our Founder and our Lord,
Whom heaven and earth obey;
Strengthen'd by Him, the unwarlike learns to fight,
E'en tender girls are strong to conquer through
His might.

Such gifts surpassing nature's law,
Given by the arm divine,
Egypt's proud city wondering saw
In blessed Catherine,
The force of steel beneath her patience broke,
And learning from her lips with force convincing
spoke.

Each honour'd privilege she knew
That came with noble birth,
And on that fame fresh glory threw,
"The privilege of worth;"
Illustrious through her parents' noble line,
With grace more noble still, her heavenly virtues
shine!

To search the sacred word of truth,
To toil in duty's road,—
The prime and beauty of her youth,
These, Catherine all bestow'd;
So in this discipline her soul was blest,
A chosen child of grace she stood by all confess'd.

As smoke that passeth but away,
All this world's goods she saw,—
As idols but of worthless clay,
Till stamp'd by virtue's law,—
Her house's wealth, her parents' wide domain,
She counted these as nought, for heavenly treasure
fain.

A lamp that sheds its lustre round,
 With holy oil alight,
A virgin, wise and prudent found
 To meet the bridegroom's sight,
Ready, whene'er the heavenly voice shall call,
Straightway to enter in, with Him, the festal
 hall!

See her before the Ruler's face,
 His earthly power defy,
Nor yield her truth for heathen grace,
 She, who for Christ would die ;
The gather'd sages, rich in learning's store,
Are mute and silent all, won by her heavenly
 lore.

Chain'd to the dungeon's gloomy wall
 Behold the captive lie,
Fierce hunger's pang, thirst's eager call
 Her faithful spirit try ;
Her tender limbs the wheel revolving tears,
All for the sake of God her love triumphant bears.

So Catherine gain'd the victory
Through torture's darkest day,
Before a maiden's constancy
An emperor's power gives way ;
Of his own tyrant rage he feels the smart,
When, all their torture vain, his baffled slaves
depart.

And now the sword with mortal stroke
Has made the prisoner free,
To death she slept, to life awoke,
'Midst living joys to be ;
Her body to the tomb the angels bring,
And Christ, her crowning end and joy, let us with
Catherine sing !

Amen.

XLVIII.

VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS.



COME, Holy Spirit, nigh,
And from the Heaven on high
Send forth Thy radiance bright;
Come, Father of the poor,
Thou giv'st us more and more,
Each heart through Thee has light.

Of all consolars best,
Refreshment ever blest,
Sweet inmate of the soul;
Our refuge from the heat,
Rest to the weary feet,
Sad hearts Thou makest whole.

Oh Thou, most blessed ! shine
And with Thy ray divine
Each faithful bosom fill ;
Who hath not Thee for guide
Hath nothing good beside,
All things are turn'd to ill.

Make clean each sordid part,
Soften the stony heart,
Bind up our wounds that bleed,
Bend Thou the stubborn will,
The feeble cherish still,
And help the wanderer's need.

Oh let thy faithful see,—
Who put their trust in Thee,—
Grace from Thy sevenfold store ;
Repay their labours past
And place them safe at last—
In bliss for evermore.—

Amen.

XLIX.

PROFITENTES UNITATEM.

(On the Holy Trinity.)



WE who the Unity profess

Let us the Trinity confess

And worship equally ;

This Trinity Three Persons share, ⁺

Each person differs, we declare,

From each respectively ;

But “ relative ”¹ these words must be,

For here “ in substance ” are not Three

But One “ original ; ”

Three Persons, Three, howe’er we name,

Yet is their essence One, the same,

Inseparable in All.

⁺ One God but Persons Three are there

Single in will, in heavenly might,
In being One, in Wisdom's height,
The whole is single here ;
Yet what the Persons Three possess,
Nowise in efficacy less,
With each one doth appear ;

The Father, Son, and Spirit blest,
One God-head are, yet all possess'd
Of special properties ;
One virtue theirs, one light divine,
One God, they with one splendour shine,
Each all another is :

Equal the Father and the Son,
Distinctiveness in each doth run,
Yet leaves equality ;
Coequal with them both in place,
From both proceeds the Spirit's grace,
Himself their mutual tie !

These Persons rightly to discern,
This mystery of God to learn,

In vain would man essay ;
Here are no bounds of time or space,
No laws of circumstance or place,
To limit or to stay !

In God there is but God alone,
Him, the sole primal cause we own,
From whom all causes come ;
Through active and through standing laws,
God works,—Himself the final cause,
But “ cause² material ” none.—

Too weak our highest powers must be
To reason of the Persons Three,
Or worthily to name ;—
What is “ begotten,” what “ proceeding ”
Profess I not to show their meaning,
Yet is my faith the same ;

Dost thou believe ? then patient bide,
Nor with presumption turn aside
From the great King's highway ;

Hold fast the faith, for right contend,
 To errors by the Church condemn'd
 Let not thy fancy stray :

So may we in this faith rejoice !
 Knit in one faith let heart and voice
 Ascend in songs to Heaven ;
 Laud we the Threefold Unity,
 And to the Undivided Three,
 The ever Blessed Trinity,
 Like glory aye be given !

Amen.

¹ Gautier explains that the Latin abverb “relative” is used here with especial reference to the relationship subsisting between the Divine Persons of the Blessed Trinity, as the Father to the Son, also the word “substantive,” here signifies that which subsists without reference to any other, as doth God.

² This verse is to condemn the pantheism of which certain doctrines already in the 12th century were condemned by the Lateran Council, viz. in 1215.—*Gautier.*

L.

URBS SYON INCLYTA.



AIL Zion, city of our God, sure fortress
set on high,
For thee with strong desire I burn,
to thee for refuge cry ;

Oh, take within thy sheltering walls
The longing heart, the soul that calls !

Naught for my merit's sake I claim, death is my
portion due,

Nor may I cover up my guilt,—a child of wrath,—
I sue ;

Sin's deadly power has marr'd my life,

With sin my wasted hours are rife.

Yet still the path of hope I tread, in faith my
vows arise,
To God I pray by night and day for His blest
promises ;
On Him for grace and mercy call,
Creator, Father, Lord of all !

What tongue shall tell the Saviour's love to sinful
mortals shown,
Whom from their vile estate He raised, redeem'd,
and made His own.
The world through grace He freed from stain,
Of each sick heart He heals the pain !

And still the stream of heavenly grace, true David's
fountain, flows,
With life and healing fraught for all, nor stint nor
measure knows ;
So may that grace obtain for me
The blissful courts of heaven to see !

Oh, Zion, summit of my hopes, brighter than gold
art thou,
The conqueror's laurel, ever fresh, shines on thy
sacred brow ;

Angels and powers in phalanx bright
For ever in their Lord delight !

Say, oh dear country of my heart, shall these thy
joys be mine,
Shall I, in that my precious home, behold the
Light Divine ;—
God's full o'erflowing gift obtain,—
Or is my hope, my faith, in vain ?

Be this the gracious answer borne from Zion's
blissful shore,
“ Thou son of earth, thy faith maintain, nor thy
true hope give o'er,
Though sin thy heavenward path would stay,
My grace will open thee the way !”

Thrice happy state, most blessed soul who shares
that heavenly grace,
With whom Thou Lord of all the earth, dost make
Thy dwelling-place.
But sight of woeful guilt to see,
The man who lives deprived of Thee !

LI.

UT AXE SUNT SERENA.



HE stars by night are shining
With clearest ray serene,
The lilies in our gardens
Are gay with summer sheen.

So virgin, flower of brightness,
Thou bloomest ever new,
So Thou, O sweetest mother,
Art pure as morning dew.

LII.

APPAREBIT REPENTINA DIES
MAGNA DOMINI.



STEALTHY as a thief approaching,
midst the darkness of the night,
So the Lord's great day shall waken,
sudden, all the world with fright ;
Then how vain shall seem their treasures,
Brief the sum of worldly pleasures,
When the worlds shall pass from sight !

Through the earth's remotest confines loud the
trumpet's voice shall sound,
Dead and living, all shall hear it, all to meet their
Lord be found ;
Him the Judge, who cometh glorious,
Christ from Heaven, the King victorious,
With His shining angels round !

Then the moon's pale orb shall redden,—o'er the
sun shall spread a pall,—

Earth through all her circuit tremble,—faded, dim
the stars shall fall ;—

Flames with fearful beauty glowing,
Earth and sea and sky o'erflowing,
Run before the Judge of all :

Round that just Dispenser's footstool, angel hosts
with awe shall stand,

On the right God's faithful servants, on the left the
evil band ;

Then the silence shall be broken,
Then the King's great doom be spoken
To the souls on either hand !

“ Come, ye blessed of my Father,” to the just their
Lord shall say,

“ Take the kingdom He prepared you ere the
worlds beheld the day ;

Me, when poor and sick ye tended,
Me, with loving care defended,
This your love I now repay !”

“ When, Oh Christ, did we behold Thee ?” joyful
will their answer be,

“ When Thy sorrows have we pitied, fed and
clothed Thy poverty ?”

Softly then shall fall His accents,

“ For ye did it to my servants,
Ye have done it unto Me !”

Next their sentence to the wicked shall the
righteous Judge declare,

“ Hence ye cursed from my presence, in the pains
of hell to share ;

Vainly for your help I pleaded,

Naught my prayers or tears ye heeded,

For your suffering Lord to care !”

“ When, great King, did we reject Thee ?” such
will be their bitter cry ;

“ Or Thy need refuse to succour ?” then shall come
the stern reply,

“ When the poor for help was crying,

Ye, my messenger denying,

Did unto Myself deny !”

Headlong then shall fall the wicked down to
 realms of guilt and shame,
Where for Satan and his servants is their prison-
 house of flame ;
Anguish there, and grief and wailing,
 Sorrow endless, unavailing,
Woe for evermore the same !

But the faithful shall be raised up to Zion's peaceful
 height,
Angel choirs rejoicing round them, they to Heaven
 shall wing their flight,
Sights of glory there to meet them !
Christ Himself their Lord, to greet them,
Shining in the Father's light !

Wouldst thou gain the Heavenly kingdom ? then of
 Satan's toils beware ;
Watch lest gold or lust entice thee,—be the
 helpless ones thy care ;—
Though thy Master, Christ, should tarry,
Still thy warfare's weapons carry,
For His coming aye prepare !

LIII.

COLLAUDEMUS MAGDALENÆ
LACRIMAS ET GAUDIUM.



ING we now with praiseful voices,
Mary's sorrow, Mary's joy,
Theme of grace for pardon'd sinners,
grateful hearts shall well employ.

Let the nightingale and dove
Join in sweetest strains of love !

All her tearful soul o'erflowing, Mary saw but
Christ alone,
Naught the throng of feasters shames her, so may
Christ the outcast own,
So may she His mercy meet,
Pour her sorrows at his feet.

Fed by penitential waters, mercy's Living Fount
appears,

Christ himself the cleanser bathèd in that flood of
cleansing tears,

Bounteous Heaven which gave the rain
Takes it back from earth again !

Then the precious ointment pouring, sweetly
redolent of faith,

Mary's mystical anointing shadows forth her
Saviour's death,

Unction to the Healer brought,
Healing for the sick one wrought !

She whose love for Christ abounded, pardon for her
sins obtain'd,

Great indeed the sinner's burden, mightier still the
grace she gain'd,

First to her when Christ had risen
Was His gracious message given.

Well she counted Him the gardener—Jesus—
standing yet unknown,

Who with grace her soul had planted, seeds of living
truth had sown,

Not as yet might Mary trace
'Neath that type the Sower's face.

His who through His Spirit working, each true
heart will safely keep,

Aye to ripen for that harvest, which His angel-
bands shall reap,

Then the well-loved accents came
“ Mary,” lo ! He names thy name !

Joyful Mary, thou behold'st Him ! to the garden of
thy soul

Jesus comes to dwell for ever, all thy sorrows to
console.

Deep amidst thy life-springs find
Him who moveth heart and mind.—

Dry we too our tears with Mary, rise, oh prostrate
soul, on high,

Of the empty tomb regardful, knowest thou not thy
loved one nigh ?

Is thy faith, thy spirit, cold,
Dost thou seek and not behold?

Saviour, Thou Thy mercy pouring, Mary's sins didst
wash away,

With that pardoning grace bedew us, hear us, Lord,
with Mary pray ;

So with her in glory we
Christ our risen Lord shall see.

Amen.

LIV.

O SOL SALUTIS INTIMIS.

(For First Sunday in Lent. Early Service.)



ESU, Sun of our Salvation,
Lighten Thou our souls, we pray,
Whilst the night's departing shadows
Fly before the orb of day.

May our hearts with tears be cleansèd,
Contrite rivers from our eyes,
Then with love Divine illumin'd,
Burn to Thee in sacrifice !

Streams will flow of healing virtue
From the fountain of offence,
Where the flinty heart is smitten
By the rod of penitence.

Now thy glorious day approaches,
 Calling all to life anew,
 May we, brought by Thee from wandering,
 Fill'd with joy, Thy path pursue.

Let creation hymn Thy mercies,
 Thee, Blest Trinity, adore,
 Be that hymn of praise immortal,
 Ours, through grace, for evermore !

Amen.

LV.

ÆTERNE RECTOR SIDERUM.

(For Festival of the Holy Guardian Angels.)



ETERNAL Ruler of the sky,
Who placed the shining worlds on
high,
Thou madest 'all, o'er all dost reign,
And with vast providence sustain.

Oh come to us Thy servants near,—
Thy guilty people suppliant here,—
Who, while this evening light decays,
To Thee for light our voices raise,

And may our Guardian Angel be
Beside us ever, sent by Thee

To keep from evil taint of sin
Each faithful spirit pure within :

All Satan's darts to turn aside,
And quell the envious tempter's pride,
Lest, in his crafty meshes ta'en,
The heedless captive soul be slain.

May our good angel's happy sway
Far from our bounds keep foes away,
Make wars and pestilence to cease
And bless our citizens with peace.

We whom the Son came down to save,
We who the Spirit's unction have,
To God the Father make our prayer,
To have us in his angel's care.

Amen.

LVI.

STOLA REGNI LAUREATUS.

(Of the Holy Apostles.)



O the Apostolic cohort
Robed in brightness by their King,
Senate of the mighty Monarch,
Hearts and voices here we bring ;
Pure each heart and full our utterance,
So may men with angels sing.

Sing the world's illustrious teachers,
Channels of fresh springing grace,
From eternity ordain'd,
Whom the Church's head shall place
High on thrones to sit before Him,
Judging well His Israel's race.

Theirs, the mighty voices telling
Far to earth's remotest shore,
How their Lord, o'er death victorious,
From the Cross¹ His trophy bore ;
Like the heavens God's glory showing,
Forth they send that wondrous lore.

Easy yoke, and light the burden
Which from Christ His servants bring,
His, the grace that with their tillage
Makes the seed of Life to spring,
Till with faith's rich harvests joyful,
Hill and valley laugh and sing.

As the king's bright daughter goeth
'Midst her shining virgin train,
So to Christ His Church presented,
Free from wrinkle, spot or stain,
By these chosen of the Bridegroom ;
Glorious ever shall remain.

Ever virgin, ever fruitful,
Old but young, that Bride they bring,

In true hearts her spousals holding,
 Whence the fruit of faith doth spring,
Dower'd with grace that never faileth,
 By the everlasting King.

On the twelve divinely founded,
 Christ has raised His temple high,
Living stones and mortar precious,
 These the building firmly tie,
Gates of the Celestial City,
 Israel's bond of unity.

As beneath the sea of metal
 Stood the oxen in array,
(Workmanship of Israel's monarch),
 So in this, their Master's day,
'These, His twelve, tread out the harvest,
 Justice fans the chaff away.

Twelve the fountains sweet of Elim,
 Twelve the Patriarchal line,—
Loaves of shewbread,—precious jewels
 On the Pontiff's breast that shine,—

So these leaders of the people
Show again the things divine.

Through their word be error banish'd,
Faith extend her peaceful sway,
So may we, from sin deliver'd,
Wait with hope the Judgment Day,
So with blessèd souls be number'd,
Joyful 'midst that great array.

Amen.

¹ Trench explains from the Fathers that the risen flesh of our Blessed Lord is the trophy here referred to, in witness of His completed victory over death and him that had the power of death.



L A T I N H Y M N S.





I.

DE RESURRECTIONE DOMINI.



UNDI renovatio
Nova parit gaudia,
Resurgenti Domino
Conresurgunt omnia :
Elementa serviunt,
Et Auctoris sentiunt
Quanta sint sollemnia :

Ignis volat mobilis,
Et aër volubilis,
Fluit aqua labilis,
Terra manet stabilis,
Alta petunt levia,
Centrum tenent gravia,
Renovantur omnia.

Cœlum fit serenius,
Et mare tranquillius,

Spirat aura levius, .
 Vallis nostra floruit ;
 Revirescunt arida,
 Recalescunt frigida,
 Quia ver intepuit.

Gelu mortis solvitur,
 Princeps mundi tollitur,
 Et ejus destruitur
 In nobis imperium ;
 Dum tenere voluit
 In quo nihil habuit,
 Jus amisit proprium.

Vita mortem superat ;
 Homo jam recuperat
 Quod prius amiserat
 Paradisi gaudium.
 Viam præbet facilem
 Cherubim, versatilem
 Amovendo gladium.

Adam of St. Victor, died A.D. 1192.

II.

DE S. PAULO.



AULUS Sion architectus
Est a Christo praelectus
Et magister gentium,
Vas insigne signo crucis,
Vas electum veræ lucis
Præsignans mysterium.

Saulus cadit consternatus,
Paulus surgit illustratus,
 Ut mundum illuminet,
Pestes pellat, plantet mores,
Fidem servet et errores
 Gentium eliminet.

“ Absit mihi gloriari,”
Inquit, “ nisi singulari
 Crucis privilegio.”
Se pro Christo cuncta ferre
Profitetur, et offerre
 Se truci martyrio.

Iste vas electionis
 Vires omnes rationis
 Humanæ transgreditur,
 Super choros angelorum
 Raptus, cœli secretorum
 Doctrinis imbuitur.

De hoc vase tam fecundo,
 Tam electo et tam mundo
 Tu nos, Christe, complue,
 Nos de luto, nos de fæce
 Tuâ sanctâ purga prece,
 Regno tuo statue.

13th Century.

III.

DE COMPASSIONE B. VIRGINIS.



TABAT mater dolorosa
 Juxta crucem lacrymosa
 Dum pendebat filius,
 Cujus animam gementem
 Contristantem ac dolentem
 Pertransivit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflicta
 Fuit illa benedicta
 Mater Unigeniti !

Quæ mœrebat et dolebat
Et tremebat, cum videbat
Nati pœnas inclyti.

Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret
In tanto supplicio ?
Quis non posset contristari,
Piam matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum filio ?

Pro peccatis suæ gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis
Et flagellis subditum,
Vidit suum dulcem natum
Morientem, desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

Eia Mater, fons amoris !
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam,
Fac, ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum
Ut sibi complaceam.

Sancta mater, istud agas
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide.
Tui nati vulnerati
Tam dignati pro me pati
Pœnas mecum divide.

Fac me tecum vere flere
 Crucifixo condolere,
 Donec ego vixero.
 Juxta crucem tecum stare
 Meque tibi sociare
 In planctu desidero.

Virgo virginum præclara,
 Mihi jam non sis amara,
 Fac me tecum plangere,
 Fac ut portem Christi mortem
 Passionis fac consortem
 Et plagas recolere.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
 Cruce hæc inebriari
 Ob amorem filii.
 Inflammatus et accensus
 Per te, virgo, sim defensus
 In die judicii.

Fac me cruce custodiri,
 Morte Christi præmuniri,
 Confoveri gratiâ.
 Quando corpus morietur,
 Fac ut animæ donetur
 Paradisi gloria.

IV.

DE PASSIONE DOMINI.



CQUIS binas columbinas
Alas dabit animæ ?
Ut in almam crucis palmam
Evolet citissime,
In quâ Jesus totus læsus,
Orbis desiderium,
Et immensus est suspensus,
Factus improprium !

Oh cor, scande ; Jesu, pande
Caritatis viscera,
Et profunde me reconde
Intra sacra vulnera ;
In supernâ me cavernâ
Colloca maceriæ ;
Hic viventi, quiescenti
Finis est miseriæ !

O mi Deus, amor meus !
Tune pro me pateris ?
Proque indigno, crucis ligno,
Jesu mi, suffigeris ?
Pro latrone, Jesu bone,
Tu in crucem tolleris ?
Pro peccatis meis, gratis
Vita mea, moreris !

Non sum tanti, Jesu, quanti
Amor tuus æstimat ;
Heu ! cur ego vitam dego,
Si cor te non redamat ?
Benedictus sit invictus
Amor vincens omnia ;
Amor fortis, tela mortis
Reputans ut somnia.

Iste fecit, et refecit
Amor, Jesu, perditum ;
O insignis, Amor, ignis,
Cor accende frigidum !
O fac vere cor ardere,
Fac me te diligere,
Da conjungi, da defungi
Tecum, Jesu, et vivere.
Amen.

V.

IN PASSIONE DOMINI, AD
COMPLETORIUM.



MOREM sensus erige,
Ad te, largitor veniæ :
Ut fias clemens cordibus,
Purgatis inde sordibus.

Benigne multum Domine,
Tu lapsum scis in homine :
Infirma est materia,
Versamur in miseriâ.

Clausa tibi sat agnita,
Nulla mens est incognita :
Aufer a nobis omnia
Fallentis mundi somnia.

Dives pauper effectus es ;
Pro nobis crucifixus es,
Lavans ex tuo latere
Nos munda vitâ vetere.

Externi hunc advenimus,
In exilio gemimus :
Tu portus es et patria :
Reduc ad vitæ atria.

Felix te sitit charitas,
Te, fontem vitæ, veritas :
Beati valde oculi
Te speculantis populi.

Grandis est tibi gloria,
Tuæ laudis memoria :
Quam sine fine celebrant
Qui cor ab imis elevant.

Hoc ut possimus, Domine,
Præsta in tuo nomine :
Sine quo labor deficit,
Qui nihil digne efficit.

Deo Patri sit gloria
Ejusque soli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Et nunc, et in perpetuum.

Amen.

VI.

SEQUENTIA DE TRIBUS REGIBUS.



MAJESTATI sacrosanctæ
Militans cum triumphante
Jubilet Ecclesia :
Sic versetur laus in ore,
Nec gravetur cor torpore,
Quod degustat gaudia.

Novum parit virga florem,
Novum monstrat stella solem ;
Currunt ad præsepia
Reges magi, qui non vagi,
Sed præsagi, gaudent agi
Stellâ duce præviâ.

Trium regum trinum munus ;
Christus, Homo-Deus, unus
Cum carne et animâ ;
Deus trinus in personis
Adoratur tribus donis,
Unus in essentiâ.

Myrrham ferunt, thus, et aurum,
 Plus pensantes, quam thesaurum,
 Typum, sub quo veritas ;
 Trina dona, tres figuræ :
 Rex in auro, Deus in thure,
 In myrrhâ mortalitas :

Thuris odor Deitatem,
 Auri splendor dignitatem
 Regalis potentiæ ;
 Myrrha caro Verbo nupta,
 Per quod manet incorrupta
 Caro carens carie.

Tu nos, Christe, ab hâc valle
 Duc ad vitam recto calle
 Per regum vestigia ;
 Ubi Patris, ubi Tui,
 Et Amoris Sacri, frui
 Mereamur gloriâ.

Amen.

VII.

DE CŒLESTI PARADISO.



UNQUAM serenior,
Nunquam amœnior
Phœbus est visus,
Quam quando conditus
Et novus consitus

Est paradisus.

In hoc nil proficit,
In hoc nil officit,
Serpentis dolus,
Nec ligni vetiti
Pomi nec editi
Præfocat bolus.

Nil tabes vulnerat,
Nil labes funerat
Originalis ;
Hortum vivificat,
Plantas lætificat
Aura vitalis.

Tanquam in acie
Stant sine macie
 Virtutum flores,
Et sine satie
Divinæ gratiæ
 Libant liquores.

Hortus in medio
Fert sine tædio
 Auctorem vitæ :
Arboris esus est
Salus, quæ Jesus est ;
 In hortum ite !

Ite, jam certa est,
Nobis aperta est
 In hortum via !
En paradusus est,
Qualis non visus est
 Virgo Maria.

VIII.

DE S. STEPHANO.



ERI mundus exultavit,
Et exultans celebravit
Christi natalitia :
Heri chorus angelorum
Prosecutus est cœlorum
Regem cum lætitiâ.

Protomartyr et Levita,
Clarus fide, clarus vitâ,
Clarus et miraculis,
Sub hâc luce triumphavit,
Et triumphans insultavit
Stephanus incredulis.

Fremunt ergo tanquam feræ,
Quia victi defecere
Lucis adversarii :
Falsos testes statuunt
Et linguas exacuunt
Viperarum filii.

Agonista nulli cede ;
Certâ certus de mercede,
Persevera Stephane :
Insta falsis testibus,
Confuta sermonibus
Synagogam Satanæ !

Testis tuus est in cœlis,
Testis verax et fidelis,
Testis innocentiae :
Nomen habes “ Coronati,”
Te tormenta decet pati
Pro coronâ gloriæ.

Pro coronâ non marcenti
Perfer brevis vim tormenti,
Te manet victoria ;
Tibi fiet mors, natalis,
Tibi pœna terminalis
Dat vitæ primordia.

Plenus Sancto Spiritu
Penetrat intuitu
Stephanus cœlestia ;
Videns Dei gloriam
Crescit ad victoriam,
Suspirat ad præmia.

En a dextris Dei stantem
Jesum, pro te dimicantem,
Stephane, considera :

Tibi cœlos reserari,
Tibi Christum revelari
Clama voce liberâ.

Se commendat Salvatori,
Pro quo dulce ducit mori
Sub ipsis lapidibus :
Saulus servat omnium
Vestes lapidantium,
Lapidans in omnibus.

Ne peccatum statuatur
His, a quibus lapidatur,
Genu ponit et precatur,
Condolens insanix ;
In Christo sic obdormivit,
Qui Christo sic obedivit,
Et cum Christo semper vivit,
Martyrum primitiæ.

IX.

IN FESTO NATIVITATIS DOMINI.



NATO nobis salvatore
Celebremus cum honore
Diem natalitium.
Nobis datus, nobis natus,
Et nobiscum conversatus
Lux et salus gentium.

Eva prius interemit,
Sed Servator nos redemit
Carnis suæ merito :
Prima parens nobis luctum,
Sed Maria vitæ fructum
Protulit cum gaudio.

Negligentes non neglexit,
Sed ex alto nos prospexit
Pater mittens filium.
Præsens mundo, sed absconsus,
De secreto tanquam sponsus
Prodiit in publicum.

Gigas velox, gigas fortis,
Gigas, nostræ victor mortis,
 Accinctus potentiâ,
Ad currendam venit viam,
Complens in se prophetiam
 Et legis mysteria.

Jesu, nostra salutaris
Medicina, singularis
 Nostra pax et gloria,
Quia servis redimendis
Tam decenter condescendis,
 Te collaudant omnia !

X.

IN FESTO PASCHALI.



ONE luctum, Magdalena,
 Et serena lacrymas ;
Non est jam Simonis cœna,
 Non cur fletum exprimas ;
Causæ mille sunt lætandi,
Causæ mille exultandi :
 Alleluia resonet !

Sume risum, Magdalena,
Frons nitescat lucida ;
Demigravit omnis pœna,
Lux coruscat fulgida ;
Christus mundum liberavit,
Et de morte triumphavit :
Alleluia resonet !

Gaude, plaude, Magdalena,
Tumbâ Christus exiit,
Tristis est peracta scena,
Victor mortis rediit ;
Quem deflebas morientem,
Nunc arride resurgentem :
Alleluia resonet !

Tolle vultum, Magdalena,
Redivivum obstupe ;
Vide frons quam sit amœna,
Quinque plagas aspice ;
Fulgent sicut margaritæ,
Ornamenta novæ vitæ :
Alleluia resonet !

Vive, vive, Magdalena,
Tua lux reversa est,
Gaudiis turgescat vena,
Mortis vis abstersa est ;
Mœsti procul sunt dolores,
Læti redeant amores :
Alleluia resonet !

XI.

SABBATO ANTE DOMINICAM

SEPTUAGESIMAM.



LLELUIA, dulce carmen, vox perennis
gaudii,

Alleluia laus suävis est choris cœles-
tibus,

Quam canunt Dei manentes in domo
per sæcula.

Alleluia læta mater canit Hierusalem,
Alleluia vox tuorum civium gaudentium,
Exules nos flere cogunt Babylonis flumina.

Alleluia non meremur nunc perenne psallere,
Alleluia nos reatus cogit intermittere ;
Tempus instat, quo peracta lugeamus crimina.

Inde laudando precamur te beata Trinitas,
Ut tuum nobis videre pascha des in æthere,
Quo tibi læti canamus alleluia perpetim.

XII.

HYMNUS MATUTINUS.



LES diei nuntius
Lucem propinquam præcinit,
Nos excitator mentium
Jam Christus ad vitam vocat.

“Auferte,” clamat, “lectulos,
Ægro sopore desides,
Castique recti ac sobrii
Vigilate, jam sum proximus.”

Jesum ciamus vocibus
Flentes, precantes sobrii :
Intenta supplicatio
Dormire cor mundum vetat.

Tu, Christe, somnum disjice,
Tu rumpe noctis vincula :
Tu solve peccatum vetus :
Novumque lumen ingere.

XIII.

DE SACRA CÆNA.



ESCA viatorum,
O panis Angelorum,
O manna cœlitum !
Esurientes ciba,
Dulcedine non priva
Cor te quærentium.

O lympa fons amoris,
Qui puro Salvatoris
E corde profluis !
Te sitientes pota.
Hæc sola nostra vota,
His una sufficis.

O Jesu tuum vultum,
Quem colimus occultum
Sub panis specie,
Fac, ut remoto velo,
Apertâ nos in cœlo
Cernamus facie.

XIV.

IN FESTO S. MARTHÆ CHRISTI
HOSPITÆ.



UNDI decor, mundi forma,
Quâ vivendi datur norma
In vitâ sollicitâ,
Ad hæc festa tam sacrata
Nos invitat Christo grata,
Justa Dei Hospita.

Hujus Deo servientis,
Hujus mentis tam ferventis
Circa ministerium,
Vim amoris honoremus,
Jesu domus præparemus
Et cordis hospitium.

In laboris actione
Mens in contemplatione
Requiescat dulciter :

Ut administrans sedentem
Satagensque ministrantem
Adjuvet fideliter.

Sic sit amor cum labore,
Quod se labor cum amore
Mutuo respiciant,
Tanquam soror cum sorore,
Hic ne major cum minore
In Viâ deficiant.

Ad superna dum suspirat,
Illa frequens hic perquirat
Quæ sint necessaria :
Dum laudatur pars sedentis,
Num ad opus satagentis
Reprobatur alia ?

Ejus adeo accepta
Cura Deo, ut adepta
Sit felici munere,
Ipsius se sepulturæ
Hospitali quodam jure
Quod dignetur jungere.

Hospes suâ in hospitâ
Tam in morte quam in vitâ
Præsens esse voluit :
Ostenditque quanta talis
Virtus exstat hospitalis,
Quæ quantum promeruit !

Summi Regis bonitatem,
 Jesu Christi pietatem
 Curemus expetere :
 Post præsentis finem vitæ
 Dulce, mite, quo " Venite"
 Nobis velit dicere.

Amen.

From Dr. Neale's Collection.

XV.

DE SPIRITU SANCTO.



QUI procedis ab utroque,
 Genitore, Genitoque
 Pariter, Paraclite,
 Redde linguas eloquentes,
 Fac ferventes in te mentes
 Flammâ tuâ divite.

Amor Patris Filiique,
 Par amborum et utrique
 Compar et consimilis,
 Cuncta reple, cuncta foves,
 Astra regis, cœlum moves,
 Permanens immobilis.

Lumen clarum, lumen carum,
Internarum tenebrarum
Effugas caliginem ;
Per te mundi sunt mundati ;
Tu peccatum et peccati
Destruis rubiginem.

Veritatem notam facis,
Et ostendis viam pacis
Et iter justitiæ.
Perversorum corda vitas,
Et bonorum corda ditas
Munere scientiæ.

Te docente nil obscurum,
Te præsentem nil impurum ;
Sub tuâ præsentia
Gloriatur mens jocunda,
Per te læta, per te munda
Gaudet conscientia.

Tu commutas elementa,
Per te suam sacramenta
Habent efficaciam :
Tu nocivam vim repellis,
Tu confutas et refellis
Hostium nequitiam.

Quando venis, corda lenis,
Quando subis, atræ nubis
Effugit obscuritas ;

Sacer ignis, pectus ignis
Non comburis, sed a curis
Purgas, quando visitas.

Mentes prius imperitas
Et sopitas et oblitas
Erudis et excitas :
Foves linguas, formas sonum,
Cor ad bonum facit pronum
A te data caritas.

O juvamen oppressorum,
O solamen miserorum,
Pauperum refugium,
Da contemptum terrenorum,
Ad amorem supernorum
Trahe desiderium !

Consolator et fundator,
Habitator et amator
Cordium humilium,
Pelle mala, terge sordes,
Et discordes fac concordēs,
Et affer præsidium.

Tu, qui quondam visitâsti,
Docuisti, confirmâsti,
Timentes discipulos :
Visitare nos digneris,
Nos, si placet, consoleris,
Et credentes populos.

Par majestas personarum,
 Par potestas est earum,
 Et communis Deitas :
 Tu procedens a duobus,
 Coæqualis es ambobus ;
 In nullo disparitas.

Quia tantus es et talis,
 Quantus Pater est et qualis ;
 Servorum humilitas
 Deo Patri, Filioque
 Redemptori, tibi quoque
 Laudes reddat debitas !

Amen.

Adam of St. Victor.

XVI.

AD ANGELUM CUSTODEM.



ANGELICE patrone,
 Beate Spiritus,
 Custos, et tutor bone
 Mi date cælitus !
 Tuo grates amori

Mens gestit dicere,
 Quo sine nolim mori,
 Nec ausim vivere.

O comes et antistes
Vitæ individuus,
A me ne longe distes,
Sis dux assiduus,
Me protege, tuere,
Accende, dirige ;
Instruere, docere
Me doctor satage.

Infirmum me conforta,
Sustenta debilem,
In manibus me porta,
Ne fors ad lapidem
Pedes meos offendam,
Sed recto tramite
Da, facilis ascendam
Culmen justitiæ.

Si dæmon infernalis
Struat insidias,
Divine mi sodalis,
Adfer suppetias ;
Hostemque procul pelle,
Ut mecum superes,
Fac me nil unquam velle,
Quam quod tu cuperes.

In viam duc salutis,
Errantem moneas,
Obstacula virtutis
De viâ moveas ;

Mens sceleris sit pura,
Ah mens ne pereat !
Huic Deus una cura
Infixus hæreat !

A teneris fuisti
Qui mihi socius,
In horâ mortis tristi
Accurras ocius,
Et animam defende
A fraude dæmonis,
Modumque tunc ostende
Placandi numinis.

Ah mortis in agone
Fac vere doleam,
Purâ confessione
Peccata deleam,
Spe, fide, caritate
Et patientiâ,
Munitus pietate
Linquam præsentia.

Hanc animam, tremendo
Cum sistar judici,
Tibi, præses, commendo
Illi tu subveni,
O angele mi custos
Migrantem tollito,
Et lætus inter justos
Ad dextram ponito.

Amen.

XVII.

IN FESTO NATIVITATIS DOMINI.



ALITUDO quid hic jaces,
In tam vili stabulo ?
Qui creâsti cœli faces,
Alges in præsepio ?

Fortitudo infirmatur,
Parva fit immensitas ;
Liberator alligatur,
Nascitur æternitas.

Premis ubera labellis,
Sed intactæ Virginis ;
Ploras uvidis ocellis,
Cœlum replens gaudiis,

O quam mira perpetrâsti,
Jesu propter hominem !
Tam ardenter quem amâsti
Paradiso exulem !

XVIII.

IN MISSA PRO BENEFACTORIBUS.



VE, Crucis dulce lignum,
Ave, triumphale signum,
Quod solum fuisti dignum
Sustinere Dominum ;
In te Christus exaltatus
Mortem vicit, ad hoc natus :
Ut Isaac, immolatus
In salutem hominum.

Ave, scala peccatorum,
Quâ ascendit Rex cœlorum,
Ut ad choros Angelorum
Homo sic ascenderet ;
In te vitam reparavit
Auctor vitæ, proles David,
Et sic se humiliavit,
Ut mundum redimeret.

Ave, signum novæ legis,
Et vexillum summi Regis
In te culpas sui gregis
Bonus Pastor abstulit :
Ipsam habeamus ducem
Ad cœlestis regni lucem
Qui cruore suo crucem
Consecrare voluit !

Amen.

XIX.



UID, Tyranne! quid minaris,
Quid usquam poenarum est?
Quidquid tandem machinaris,
Hoc amanti parum est;
Dulce mihi cruciari,

Parva vis doloris est;
Malo mori quam fœdari!
Major vis amoris est.

Para rogos, quamvis truces,
Et quidquid flagrorum est:
Adde ferrum, adde cruces;
Nil adhuc amanti est;
Dulce mihi cruciari
Parva vis doloris est:
Malo mori quam fœdari!
Major vis amoris est.

Nimis blandus dolor ille!
Una mors quam brevis est!
Cruciatus amo mille,
Omnis pœna levis est.
Dulce mihi sauciari,
Parva vis doloris est;
Malo mori quam fœdari!
Major vis amoris est.

XX.

DE SANCTA TRINITATE.



UBILEMUS cordis voce
Nostro salutari,
Jubilemus et psallamus
Nunc omnipotenti.

Resonet factura sua
Quantâ valet laude :
Resonet jocunda suo
Laudem creatori.

Qui creavit omnia
Co-eternâ Prole ;
Qui fecit et omnia
Spiritu dictante.

Qui munivit paradisum
Lucidis ministris ;
Qui depinxit firmamentum
Sole, lunâ, stellis.

Qui ornavit aerem
Volucrum catervis ;
Qui vestivit aridam
Frondibus et herbis.

Qui ditavit Thetidem
Piscibus marinis ;
Locupletem fecit terram
Quadrupedum formis.

Qui deducit super terram
Rivulos aquarum,
Qui suspendet subter astra
Nimbos pluviarum ;

Qui vernali facit flatu
Flores redimiri ;
Autumnali sole coctos
Fructus colorari,

Albicare late campos
Hiemali nocte,
Cum flavescent late messes
Estivali luce.

Qui statuit hominem
Regem creaturæ ;
Qui si vellet, immortalis
Potuisset esse,

Sed de regno exulavit
 Suâ vanitate,
 Quem reduxit Dei Verbum
 Suâ pietate.

Lauda plasma redemptorem
 Viscerum medullis,
 Ut rejungi merearis
 Civibus supernis.

Amen.

From Dr. Neale's Collection.

XXI.



ARENDA est, cedendum est,
 Claudenda vitæ scena ;
 Est jacta sors, me vocat mors,
 Hæc hora est postrema !
 Valete res, valete spes :
 Sic finit cantilena.

O magna lux, sol mundi dux !
 Est concedendum fati ;
 Duc lineam eclipticam :
 Mihi luxisti satis !
 Nox incubat ; fax occidit ;
 Iam portum subit ratis.

Tu cithara argentea,
 Vos aurei planetæ,
 Cum stellulis, ocellulis,
 Nepotibus lucete !
 Fatalia, lethalia
 Mihi nunciant cometæ.

Ter centies, ter millies
 Vale immunde munde !
 Instabilis et labilis
 Vale, orbis rotunde ;
 Mendaciis, fallaciis
 Lusisti me abunde.

Lucentia, fulgentia
 Gemmis, valete tecta,
 Seu marmore, seu ebore
 Supra nubes erecta !
 Ad parvulum me loculum
 Mors urget equis vecta.

Lucretiæ, quæ specie
 Gypsatâ me cepistis,
 Imagines, voragines,
 Quæ mentem sorbuistis,
 En oculos, heu ! scopulos,
 Extinguit umbra tristis !

Tripudia, diludia
 Et fescennini chori,
 Quiescite, rauescite !

Præco divini fori,
 Mors intonat et insonat
 Hunc lessum : " debes mori ! "

Deliciæ, lætitia
 Mensarum cum culinâ,
 Cellaria, bellaria
 Et coronata vina :
 Vos nauseo ! dum haurio
 Quem scyphum mors propinat.

Facessite, putrescite
 Odores, vestimenta,
 Rigescite, o deliciæ,
 Libidinum fomenta !
 Deformium me vermium
 Manent operimenta.

O culmina, heu ! fulmina,
 Horum fugax honorum
 Tam subito dum subeo
 Æternitatis domum,
 Ridiculi sunt tituli
 Foris et agunt momum.

Lectissimi, carissimi
 Amici et sodales !
 Heu ! insolens et impudens
 Mors interturbat sales.
 Sat lusibus indulsimus ;
 Extremum dico vale !

Tu denique corpus vale !
 Te, te citabit forum,
 Te consciū, te sociū
 Dolorum et gaudiorum !
 Æqualis nos expectat sors
 Bonorum vel malorum.

Ad lectorem.

Communis sors, cum vocat mors
 Ad cœla vel inferna ;
 Cum vera res est una, spes
 Quæ ducit ad superna ;
 Tu cursum duc, tu vitam huc,
 Ne fiat mors æterna.

XXII.

DE GLORIA ET GAUDIIS PARADISI.



D perennis vitæ fontem, mens sitivit
 arida,
 Clastra carnis præsto frangi clausa
 quærit anima ;
 Gliscit, ambit, eluctatur exul frui patriâ.

Dum pressuris ac ærumnis se gemit obnoxiam,
 Quam amisit, dum deliquit, contemplatur gloriam ;
 Præsens malum auget boni perditionis memoriam ;

Nam quis promat summæ pacis quanta sit lætitia,
Ubi vivis margaritis surgunt ædificia,
Auro celsa micant tecta, radiant triclinia?

Solis gemmis pretiosis hæc structura nectitur,
Auro mundo tanquam vitro urbis via sternitur;
Abest limus, deest fimus, lues nulla cernitur.

Hiems horrens, æstas torrens illic nunquam sæviunt;
Flos perpetuus rosarum ver agit perpetuum,
Candent lilia, rubescit crocus, sudat balsamum.

Virent prata, vernant sata, rivi mellis influunt;
Pigmentorum spirat odor, liquor et aromatum;
Pendent poma floridorum non lapsura nemorum.

Non alternat luna vices, sol, vel cursus siderum;
Agnus est felicitis urbis lumen inocciduum,
Nox et tempus desunt ei, diem fert continuum.

Nam et sancti quique velut sol præclarus rutilant,
Post triumphum coronati mutue conjubilant;
Et prostrati pugnæ hostis jam securi numerant.

Omni labe defæcati carnis bella nesciunt,
Caro facta spiritalis et mens unum sentiunt,
Pace multâ perfruentes scandalum non perferunt.

Mutabilibus exuti repetunt originem,
Et præsentem veritatis contemplantur speciem,
Hinc vitalem vivi fontis hauriunt dulcedinem.

Inde statum semper idem existendi capiunt,
Clari, vividi, jucundi, nullis patent casibus :
Absunt morbi semper sanis, senectus juvenibus.

Hinc perenne tenent esse, nam transire transiit ;
Inde virent, vigent, florent ; corruptela corrui,
Immortalitatis vigor mortis jus absorbit.

Qui scientem cuncta sciunt, quid nescire nequeunt,
Nam et pectoris arcana penetrant alterutrum,
Unum volunt, unum nolunt, unitas est mentium.

Licet cuique sit diversum pro labore meritum,
Caritas hoc facit suum quod amat in altero,
Proprium sic singulorum fit commune omnium,

Ubi corpus, illic jure congregantur aquilæ,
Quo cum angelis et sanctæ recreantur animæ,
Uno pane vivunt cives utriusque patriæ.

Avidi et semper pleni, quod habent desiderant,
Non satietas fastidit, neque fames cruciat :
Inhiantes semper edunt, et edentes inhiant.

Novas semper melodias vox meloda concrepat,
Et in jubilam prolata mulcent aures organa,
Digna per quem sunt victores, Regi dant præconia.

Felix cœli quæ præsentem Regem cernit anima,
Et sub sede spectat altâ orbis volvi machinam
Solem, lunam, et globosa cum planetis sidera !

Christe, palma bellatarum, hoc in municipium
 Introduc me post solutum militare cingulum,
 Fac consortem donativi beatorum civium :

Præbe vires inexhausto laboranti prælio,
 Nec quietem post procinctum deneges emerito,
 Teque merear potiri sine fine præmio.

Amen.

P. Damiani, 11th century.

XXIII.

DE EXTREMO JUDICIO.



DIES iræ, dies illa ;
 Solvet sæclum in favillâ,
 Teste David cum Sibyllâ.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
 Quando judex est venturus,
 Cuncta stricte discussurus ?

Tuba mirum spargens sonum,
 Per sepulcra regionum,
 Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura,
 Cum resurget creatura,
 Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus ?

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis !

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ :
Ne me perdas illâ die.

Quærens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti, crucem passus :
Tantus labor non sit cassus !

Juste judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpâ rubet vultus meus :
Supplici parce Deus !

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,
Sed tu bonus fac benigne,
Ne perenni cremer igne !

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextrâ.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis ;
Voca me cum benedictis !

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum, quasi cinis :
Gere curam mei finis !

Lacrimosa dies illa
Quâ resurget ex favillâ,
Judicandus homo reus :
Huic ergo parce Deus !
Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem !

Amen.

Thomas of Celano, about A. D. 1225.

XXIV.

IN FESTO PASCHALI.



UNC novis Christus celebretur hymnis,
Victor insignes agitat triumphos
Qui suo mortem jaculumque mortis
Funere frangit ;

Vincit obstantem lapidem sepulchri,
Vincit armatas vigilum cohortes,
Vincla perrumpit quibus obligatus
Ingemit orbis.

Quem timor clausum latebris coercet
Se gregi rursus facilem videri
Præbet et certum sua fert amoris
Vulnera pignus ;

De Dei regno documenta pandit,
Hujus et regni stat imago viva,
Quâ mori mundo docet et supernas
Quærere sedes ;

Ergo jam nunquam moriture vivis
 Christe, quos fuso redimis cruore
 Fac in æternum tua vita nobis
 Vivere præstet !

Summa laus Patri, Genitoque Summa,
 Morte qui victâ sibi dat renasci,
 Quem Patri consors Amor et perennis
 Gloria jungit.

From Sarum Missal.

XXV.

ORATIO RHYTHMICA AD CHRISTUM
 A CRUCE PENDENTEM.



ALVE mundi salutare,
 Salve, salve, Jesu care !
 Cruci tuæ me aptari
 Vellem, tibi me æquari,
 Da mihi tui copiam.

Salve Jesu, Rex sanctorum,
 Spes votiva peccatorum,
 Crucis ligno tanquam reus
 Pendens homo, verus Deus,
 Caducis nutans genibus !

Quid sum tibi responsurus,
Actu vilis, corde durus ?
Quid rependam amatori
Qui elegit pro me mori,
Ne duplâ morte morerer ?

Salve Jesu, pastor bone,
Fatigatus in agone,
Qui per lignum es distractus
Et ad lignum es compactus,
Expansis sacris manibus.

Salve caput cruentatum,
Totum spinis coronatum,
Conquassatum, vulneratum,
Arundine verberatum,
Facie sputis illitâ !

Salve latus Salvatoris,
In quo latet mel dulcoris,
In quo patet vis amoris,
Ex quo scatet fons cruoris
Qui corda lavat sordida !

Clavos pedum, plagas duras,
Et tam graves impressuras,
Circumplector cum affectu,
Tuo pavens in aspectu,
Tuorum memor vulnerum !

Dulcis Jesu, pie Deus !
Ad te clamo licet reus ;
Præbe mihi te benignum,
Ne repellas me indignum
De tuis sanctis pedibus ;

Dum me mori est necesse,
Noli mihi tunc deesse,
In tremendâ mortis horâ
Veni, Jesu, absque morâ
Tuere me et libera !

Cum me jubes emigrare
Jesu care tunc appare,
O amator amplexende
Temet ipsum tunc ostende
In cruce salutiferâ !

St. Bernard, born A. D. 1091.
Text from Sarum Missal.

XXVI.

DE DIE MORTIS.



RAVI me terrore pulsas, vitæ dies
ultima ;

Mæret cor, solvuntur renes, læsa
tremunt viscera ;

Tuam speciem dum sibi mens depingit
anxia.

Quis enim pavendum illud explicet spectaculum,
Quum, dimenso vitæ cursu, carnis ægra nexibus
Anima luctatur solvi, propinquans ad exitum ?

Perit sensus, lingua riget, resolvuntur oculi,
Pectus palpitat, anhelat raucum guttur hominis,
Stupent membra, pallent ora, decor abit corporis.

Præsto sunt et cogitatus, verba, cursus, opera,
Et præ oculis nolentis glomerantur omnia ;
Illuc tendat, huc se vertat, coram videt posita.

Torquet ipsa reum sinum mordax conscientia,
Plorat apta corrigendi defluxisse tempora,
Plena luctu caret fructu sera pœnitentia.

Falsa tunc dulcedo carnis in amarum vertitur
Quando brevem voluptatem perpes pœna sequitur :
Jam quod magnum credebatur nil fuisse cernitur.

Atque mens in summæ lucis gloriam extollitur,
Aspernatur lutum carnis quo mersa provolvitur,
Et ut carcerati nexu lætabunda solvitur.

Quæso, Christe, rex invicte, tu succurre misero,
Sub extremâ mortis horâ quum jussus abiero,
Nullum in me jus tyranno præbeatur impio.

Cadat princeps tenebrarum, cadat pars tartarea ;
Pastor, ovem jam redemptam tunc reduc ad patriam,
Ubi te videndi causâ perfruar in sæcula.

Amen.

P. Damiani.

XXVII.

HYMNUS AD VESPERAS.



DEUS, creator omnium
Polique rector, vestiens
Diem decoro lumine,
Noctem soporis gratiâ.

Artus solutos ut quies
Reddat laboris usui,
Mentesque fessas allevet
Luctusque solvat anxios.

Grates peracto jam die,
Et noctis exortu preces,
Votis reos ut adjuves,
Hymnum canentes, solvimus.

Te cordis ima concinant,
Te vox canora concrepet,
Te diligat castus amor,
Te mens adoret sobria.

Ut cum profunda clauserit
Diem caligo noctium,
Fides tenebras nesciat
Et nox fide reluceat.

Dormire mentem ne sinas,
Dormire culpa noverit,
Castos fides refrigerans
Somni vaporem temperet.

Exuta sensu lubrico
Te cordis alta somnient,
Nec hostis invidi dolo
Pavor ⁱⁿquietos suscitet.

Christum rogemus et Patrem,
Christi Patrisque Spiritum,
Unum potens per omnia
Fove precantes Trinitas !

XXVIII.

HYMNUS MATUTINUS.



LUCIS largitor splendide,
Cujus sereno lumine
Post lapsa noctis tempora
Dies refusus panditur.

Tu verus mundi Lucifer,
Non is, qui parvi sideris,
Venturæ lucis nuntius
Angusto fulget lumine.

Sed toto sole clarior,
Lux ipse totus et dies,
Interna nostri pectoris
Illuminans præcordia.

Adesto rerum conditor,
Paternæ lucis gloria,
Cujus amotâ gratiâ
Pavescunt nostra corpora.

Tuoque plena spiritu,
Secum Deum gestantia,
Ne rapientis perfidi
Diris patescant fraudibus.

Ut inter actus sæculi,
Vitæ quos usus exigit,
Omni carentes crimine
Tuis vivamus legibus.

Probrosas mentis castitas
Carnis vincat libidines,
Sanctumque puri corporis
Delubrum servet spiritus.

Hæc spes precantis animæ,
Hæc sunt votiva munera,
Ut matutina nobis sit
Lux in noctis custodiam.

Hilarius. 4th Century.

XXIX.

HYMNUS MATUTINUS.



PLENDOR paternæ gloriæ
De luce lucem proferens,
Lux lucis et fons luminis,
Dies dierum illuminans,

Verusque sol illabere,
Micans nitore perpeti:
Iubarque sancti spiritus
Infunde nostris sensibus.

Votis vocemus et Patrem,
Patrem perennis gloriæ,
Patrem potentis gratiæ :
Culpam releget lubricam.

Confirmet actus strenuos,
Dentem retundat invidi,
Causa secundet asperos,
Donet gerendi gratiam.

Mentem gubernet et regat
Casto, fideli corpore,
Fides calore ferveat,
Fraudis venena nesciat.

Christusque nobis sit cibus,
Potusque noster sit fides :
Læti bibamus sobriam
Ebrietatem spiritus.

Lætus dies hic transeat,
Pudor sit ut diluculum,
Fides velut meridies,
Crepusculum mens nesciat.

Aurora lucem provehit,
Cum luce totus prodeat
In Patre totus Filius,
Et totus in Verbo Pater.

XXX.

DE SACRA CÆNA.



LAUDA Sion salvatorem,
Lauda ducem et pastorem,
In hymnis et canticis :
Quantum potes, tantum gaude,
Quia major omni laude ;
Nec laudare sufficis.

Laudis thema spiritalis,
Panis vivus et vitalis,
Hodie proponitur,
Quem in sacræ mensâ cœnæ
Turbæ fratrum duodenæ
Datum non ambigitur.

Sit laus plena, sit sonora,
Sit jucunda, sit decora
Mentis jubilatio :
Dies enim sollemnis agitur
In quâ mensæ prima recolitur
Hujus institutio.

In hâc mensâ novi Regis
Novum pascha novæ legis
Phase vetus terminat,
Vetustatem novitas,
Umbram fugat veritas,
Noctem lux eliminat.

Quod in cœnâ Christus gessit,
Faciendum hoc expressit
In sui memoriam ;
Docti sacris institutis,
Panem, vinum in salutis,
Consecramus hostiam.

Dogma datur Christianis
Quod in carnem transit panis,
Et vinum in sanguinem ;
Quod non capis, quod non vides,
Animosa firmat fides
Præter rerum ordinem.

Sub diversis speciebus,
Signis tantum et non rebus,
Latent res eximiæ.
Caro cibus, sanguis potus :
Manet tamen Christus totus
Sub utrâque specie.

A sumente non concisus,
Non confractus, non divisus,
Integer accipitur ;

Sumit unus, sumunt mille,
Quantum isti, tantum ille,
Nec sumptus consumitur.

Sumunt boni, sumunt mali,
Sorte tamen inæquali
Vitæ vel interitus ;
Mors est malis, vita bonis ;
Vide, paris sumptionis
Quam sit dispar exitus !

Fracto demum sacramento
Ne vacilles, sed memento,
Tantum esse sub fragmento,
Quantum toto tegitur ;
Nulla rei fit scissura,
Signi tantum fit fractura,
Quâ nec status nec statura
Signati minuitur.

Ecce panis angelorum,
Factus cibus viatorum,
Vere panis filiorum,
Non mittendus canibus ;
In figuris præsignatur,
Quum Isaac immolatur,
Agnus Paschæ deputatur,
Datur manna patribus.

Bone pastor, panis vere !
Jesu, nostri miserere,

Tu nos pasce, nos tuere,
 Tu nos bona fac videre
 In terrâ viventium !
 Tu qui cuncta scis et vales,
 Qui nos pascis hic mortales,
 Tuos ibi commensales,
 Cohæredes et sodales
 Fac sanctorum omnium !

Amen.

Thomas Aquinas, born A. D. 1224.

XXXI.

DE PCENITENTIA ET SANCTIFICATIONE.



Uc jucundas cervus undas
 Æstuans desiderat,
 Sic ad rivum Dei vivum
 Mens fidelis properat.

Sicut rivi fontis vivi
 Præbent refrigerium,
 Ita menti sitienti
 Deus est remedium.

Quantis bonis superponis
 Sanctos tuos, Domine :
 Sese lædit, qui recedit
 Ab æterno lumine.

Vitam lætam et quietam,
Qui te quærit, reperit,
Nam laborem et dolorem
Metit qui te deserit.

Pacem donas, et coronas,
His qui tibi militant ;
Cuncta læta sine metâ
His qui tecum habitant.

Heu quam vanâ mens humana,
Visione falleris !
Dum te curis nocituris
Imprudenter inseris.

Cur non caves lapsus graves,
Quos süadet proditor,
Nec affectas vias rectas
Quas ostendit conditor ?

Resipisce, atque disce
Cujus sis originis ;
Ubi degis, cujus legis,
Cujus sis et ordinis.

Ne te spernas, sed discernas,
Homo gemma regia :
Te perpende, et attende
Quod sis factus gratiâ.

Recordare quis et quare
Sis a Deo conditus ;
Hujus hæres nunc maneres,
Si fuisses subditus.

Ergo cave ne süave
Jugum spernas Domini
Nec abjectâ lege rectâ
Servias libidini.

Preces funde, pectus tunde,
Flendo cor humilia ;
Pœnitenti et gementi
Non negatur venia.

XXXII.

DE S. CRUCE.



RECORDARE sanctæ crucis,
Qui perfectam viam ducis,
Delectare jugiter ;
Sanctæ crucis recordare
Et in ipsâ meditare

Insatiabiliter.

Quum quiescis aut laboras,
Quando rides, quando ploras,
Doles sive gaudeas ;
Quando vadis, quando venis,
In solatiis, in pœnis,
Crucem corde teneas :

Crux in omnibus pressuris,
Et in gravibus et duris,
Est totum remedium :
Crux in pœnis et tormentis
Est dulcedo piæ mentis,
Et verum refugium :

Crux est porta Paradisi,
In quâ sancti sunt confisi,

Qui vicerunt omnia ;
Crux est mundi medicina,
Per quam bonitas divina
Facit mirabilia.

Crux est salus animarum,
Verum lumen et præclarum,
Et dulcedo cordium :
Crux est vita beatorum,
Et thesaurus perfectorum,
Et decor et gaudium.

Crux est speculum virtutis,
Gloriosæ dux salutis,
Cuncta spes fidelium ;
Crux est decus salvandorum,
Et solatium eorum
Atque desiderium.

Crux est arbor decorata,
Christi sanguine sacrata,
Cunctis plena fructibus ;
Quibus animæ eruuntur,
Cum supernis nutriuntur
Cibis in cœlestibus.

Specialem fer amorem
Et præcipuum honorem
Cruci salutiferæ ;
Cum fervore medullarum,
Nixu virium tuarum
Velis hanc diligere.

XXXIII.

DIE DOMINICA.



PRIMO dierum omnium
Quo mundus exstat conditus,
Vel quo resurgens Conditor
Nos morte victâ liberat.

Pulsis procul torporibus,
Surgamus omnes ocyus,
Et nocte quæramus pium
Sicut prophetam novimus.

Nostras preces ut audiat,
Suamque dextram porrigat,
Et expiatis sordibus
Reddat polorum sedibus ;

Ut quique sacratissimo
Hujus diei tempore
Horis quietis psallimus,
Donis beatis muneret.

Jam nunc Paterna Claritas,
Te postulamus affatim ;

Absit libido sordidans,
Omnisque actus noxius !

Ne fæda sit vel lubrica
Compago nostri corporis,
Per quam averni ignibus
Ipsi crememur acrius :

Ob hoc Redemptor quæsumus
Ut probra nostra diluas,
Vitæ perennis commoda
Nobis benigne conferas.

Gregorius. 6th Century.

XXXIV.

IN FESTO PASCHALI.



D cænam Agni providi
Et stolis albis candidi,
Post transitum maris rubri,
Christo canamus principi.

Cujus corpus sanctissimum
In arâ crucis torridum,
Cruore ejus roseo
Gustando vivimus Deo.

Protecti paschæ vespere
A devastante angelo,
Erepti de durissimo
Pharaonis imperio.

Jam pascha nostrum Christus est,
Qui immolatus agnus est,
Sinceritatis azyma
Caro ejus oblata est.

O vera digna hostia,
Per quam sunt fracta tartara,
Redempta plebs captivata,
Reddita vitæ præmia!

Cum surgit Christus tumulo,
Victor redit de barathro,
Tyrannum trudens vinculo
Et reserans paradisum.

Quæsumus Auctor omnium
In hoc paschali gaudio :
Ab omni mortis impetu
Tuum defende populum.

XXXV.

IN DEDICATIONE ECCLESIAE.



URBS Hirusalem beata, dicta pacis visio,
Quæ construitur in cælis vivis ex lapi-
dibus,
Et ab angelis ornata, ut sponsata comite.

Nova veniens e cælo nuptiali thalamo
Præparata ut sponsata copuletur Domino;
Platea et muri ejus ex auro purissimo.

Portæ nitent margaritis, adytis patentibus ;
Et virtute meritorum illuc introducitur
Omnis qui ob Christi nomen hoc in mundo premitur.

Tusionibus, pressuris, expoliti lapides
Suis co-aptantur locis per manum artificis,
Disponuntur permansuri sacris ædificiis.

Angulare fundamentum lapis Christus missus est,
Qui parietum compage in utroque nectitur,
Quem Syon sancta suscepit, in quo credens permanet.

Omnis illa Deo sacra et dilecta civitas,
Plena modulis et laude et canoro jubilo,
Trinum Deum unicumque cum favore prædicat.

Hoc in templum summe Deus, exoratus adveni,
Et clementi bonitate precum vota suscipe,
Largam benedictionem hic infunde jugiter.

Hic promereantur omnes petita accipere,
Et adepta possidere cum sanctis perenniter,
Paradisum introire, translati in requiem.

8th or 9th Century.

XXXVI.

DE ADVENTU DOMINI.



VENI, Redemptor gentium,
Ostende partum Virginis;
Miretur omne sæculum :
Talis decet partus Deum.

Non ex virili semine,
Sed mystico spiramine,
Verbum Dei factum est caro,
Fructusque ventris floruit.

Alvus tumescit Virginis,
Clastrum pudoris permanet,

Vexilla virtutum micant,
Versatur in templo Deus.

Procedit e thalamo suo,
Pudoris aulâ regiâ,
Geminæ Gigas substantiæ,
Alacris ut currat viam.

Egressus ejus a Patre,
Regressus ejus ad Patrem,
Excursus usque ad inferos,
Rekursus ad sedem Dei.

Æqualis æterno Patri,
Carnis tropæo cingere,
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.

Præsepe jam fulget tuum,
Lumenque nox spirat novum,
Quod nulla nox interpolet,
Fideque jugi luceat.

St. Ambrose, born about A. D. 340.

XXXVII.

DE SS. INNOCENTIBUS.



ALVETE flores martyrum,
Quos lucis ipso in limine
Christi insecutor sustulit,
Ceu turbo nascentes rosas.

Vos, prima Christi victima,
Grex immolatorum tener,
Aram ante ipsam simplices
Palmâ et coronis luditis.

Audit tyrannus anxius
Adesse regum Principem,
Qui nomen Israel regat,
Teneatque David regiam.

Exclamat amens nuncio :
“ Successor instat, pellimur ;
Satelles, i, ferrum rape,
Perfunde cunas sanguine.

Mas omnis infans occidat,
Scrutare nutricum sinus,
Fraus ne qua furtim subtrahat
Prolem virilis indolis."

Transfigit ergo carnifex,
Mucrone districto furens,
Effusa nuper corpora,
Animasque rimatur novas.

O barbarum spectaculum !
Vix interemptor invenit
Locum minutis artubus
Quo plaga descendat patens.

Quo proficit tantum nefas ?
Quid crimen Herodem juvat ?
Unus tot inter funera
Impune Christus tollitu.

XXXVIII.

DE S. JOANNE EVANGELISTA.



VERBUM Dei, Deo natum,
Quod nec factum, nec creatum,
Venit de cœlestibus,
Hoc vidit, hoc attrectavit,
Hoc de cœlo reseravit

Joannes hominibus.

Inter illos primitivos
Veros veri fontis rivos
Joannes exsiliit ;
Toti mundo propinare
Nectar illud salutare,
Quod de throno prodiit.

Cœlum transit, veri rotam
Solis vidit, ibi totam
Mentis figens aciem ;
Speculator spiritalis
Quasi Seraphim sub alis
Dei vidit faciem.

Audiit in gyro sedis
Quid psallant cum citharædis

Quater seni proceres :
De sigillo Trinitatis
Nostræ nummo civitatis
Impressit characteres.

Volat avis sine metâ
Quo nec vates nec propheta
Evolavit altius :
Tam implenda, quam impleta,
Nunquam vidit tot secreta
Purus homo purius.

Sponsus rubrâ veste tectus,
Visus, sed non intellectus,
Redit ad palatium :
Aquilam Ezechielis
Sponsæ misit, quæ de cœlis
Referret mysterium.

Dic, dilecte, de Dilecto,
Qualis adsit, et de lecto
Sponsi sponsæ nuncia :
Dic quis cibus angelorum,
Quæ sint festa superiorum
De Sponsi præsentia.

Veri panem intellectûs,
Cœnam Christi super pectus
Christi sumptam resera,
Ut cantemus de Patrono,
Coram Agno, coram throno,
Laudes super æthera.

XXXIX.



IN triumphum mors mutatur,
Quæ fuit opprobrium ;
Unde culpa plectebatur,
Via fit ad præmium.
O totius cœli luce
Dignum certe prælium !
Cogitatâ Christi cruce,
Dulce fit martyrium.

Ante mundi blandientis
Voluptates vicerat,
Qui nunc mali sævientis
Iras fortis superat.
Mundus pulcher ne placeret,
Deus traxit pulchrior ;
Egit, mundus ne terreret,
Deus terribilior.

Potest martyr impugnari,
Et non potest cedere :
Dei timor dat luctari,
Caritas dat vincere.

Fortis ut mors, metum mortis
 Abstulit dilectio ;
 Mox et mortem victor fortis
 Habet pro ludibrio.

Dum in frusta dissecatur.
 Homo qui conspicitur,
 In æternum renovatur
 Intus qui concluditur.
 O qui potens astitisti
 Stanti sub carnifice,
 Dextrâ sanctum quâ juvisti
 Et nos fortes effice !

Incruenti sed pejores
 Hostes in nos grassitant ;
 Vitæ brevis nunc amores,
 Nunc metus nos incitant.
 Ne mortalem metuamus,
 Tu, Deus, metuere ;
 Ne caduca diligamus
 Da nos te diligere !

From the Missal of Le Puy, 1783.

XL.

IN COMMUNI CONFESSORUM.



UPERNÆ matris gaudia
Repræsentat Ecclesia ;
Dum festa colit annua,
Suspirat ad perpetua.

In hâc valle miseriæ,
Mater succurrat filiæ :
Hic cœlestes excubiæ
Nobiscum stent in acie.

Mundus, caro, dæmonia,
Diversa movent prælia ;
Incursu tot phantasmatum
Turbatur cordis sabbatum.

Dies festos cognatio
Simul hæc habet odio ;
Certatque pari fœdere
Pacem de terrâ tollere.

Confusa sunt hic omnia,
 Spes, mœror, metus, gaudium ;
Vix horâ vel dimidiâ
 Fit in cœlo silentium.

Quam felix illa Civitas
In quâ jugis solemnitas !
Et quam jucunda Curia
Quæ curæ prorsus nescia !

Nec languor hic, nec senium,
Nec fraus, nec terror hostium ;
Sed una vox lætantium
Et unus ardor cordium.

Illic Cives Angelici,
Sub Hierarchiâ triplici,
Trinæ gaudent et simplici
Se Monarchiæ subjici.

Mirantur, nec deficiunt,
In illum quem prospiciunt ;
Fruuntur, nec fastidiunt,
Qui frui magis sitiunt.

Illic patres dispositi
Pro dignitate meriti,
Semotâ jam caligine
Lumen vident in lumine.

Hi sancti quorum hodie
 Celebrantur solemnâ,
 Jam revelatâ facie
 Regem cernunt in gloriâ.

Nos ad sanctorum gloriam,
 Per ipsorum suffragia,
 Post præsentem miseriam
 Christi perducatur gratia.

Amen.

Adam of St. Victor.

XLI.

DE MYSTERIO ASCENSIONIS DOMINI.



PORTAS vestras æternales
 Triumphales, principales,
 Angeli, attollite.
 Eja, tollite actutum,
 Venit Dominus virtutum,
 Rex æternæ gloriæ.

Venit totus lætabundus,
 Candidus et rubicundus,
 Tinctis clarus vestibus.
 Novâ gloriosus stolâ,
 Gradiens virtute solâ,
 Multis cinctus millibus.

Solus erat in egressu,
Sed ingentem in regressu
Affert multitudinem.
Fructum suæ passionis,
Testem resurrectionis,
Novam cœli segetem.

Eja, jubilate Deo,
Jacent hostes, vicit leo,
Vicit semen Abrahæ,
Jam ruinæ replebuntur,
Cœli cives augebuntur,
Salvabuntur animæ.

Regnet Christus triumphator,
Hominumque liberator,
Rex misericordiæ :
Princeps pacis, Deus fortis,
Vitæ dator, victor mortis,
Laus cœlestis curiæ.

Tu, qui cœlum reserâsti,
Et in illo præparâsti
Locum tuis famulis,
Fac me tibi famulari,
Et te piis venerari
Hic in terrâ jubilis ;

Ut post actum vitæ cursum,
Ego quoque scandens sursum

Te videre valeam,
Juxta Patrem considentem,
Triumphantem et regentem
Omnia per gloriam.

From Trench.

XLII.

IN FESTO NOMINIS JESU.



LORIOSI Salvatoris nominis præconia
Quæ in corde Genitoris latent ante
sæcula,
Mater cœli plena roris pandit nunc
Ecclesia.

Nomen dulce, nomen gratum, nomen ineffabile,
Dulcis Jesus appellatum, nomen delectabile,
Laxat pœnas et reatum, nomen est amabile.

Hoc est nomen adorandum, nomen summæ gloriæ,
Nomen semper meditandum in valle miseræ,
Nomen digne venerandum supernorum curiæ.

Nomen istud prædicatum melos est auditui,
Nomen istud invocatum dulce mel est gustui,
Jubilus est cogitatum spiritali visui.

Hoc est nomen exaltatum jure super omnia,
Nomen mire formidatum, effugans dæmonia,
Ad salutem nobis datum divinâ clementiâ.

Nomen ergo tam beatum veneremur cernui,
Sit in corde sic firmatum quod non possit erui
Ut in cœlis potestatum copulemur cætui.

From the Breviary of Meissen.

XLIII.

DE SPIRITU SANCTO.



VENI Creator Spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita,
Imple supernâ gratiâ
Quæ tu creâsti pectora.

Qui Paraclitus diceris,
Altissimi donum Dei,
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
Et spiritalis unctio.

Tu septiformis munere,
Dextræ Dei tu digitus,
Tu rite promissum Patris,
Sermone ditans guttura.

Accende lumen sensibus,
Infunde amorem cordibus,
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.

Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus,
Ductore sic te prævio
Vitemus omne noxium.

Da gaudiorum præmia,
Da gratiarum munera,
Dissolve litis vincula,
Adstringe pacis fœdera.

Per te sciamus, da, Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium,
Te utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.

Sit laus Patri cum Filio,
Sancto simul Paraclito,
Nobisque mittat Filius
Charisma Sancti Spiritus.

Amen.

Popularly ascribed to Charlemagne.

XLIV.

ORATIO AD SS. TRINITATEM.



TOTUM, Deus, in te spero ;
Deus, ex te totum quæro.
Tu laus mea, meum bonum,
Mea cuncta, tuum donum ;
Tu solamen in labore,
Medicamen in languore ;
Tu in luctu mea lyra,
Tu lenimen es in irâ ;
Tu in arcto liberator,
Tu in lapsu relevator ;
Motum præstas in provectu,
Spem conservas in defectu ;
Si quis lædit, tu rependis ;
Si minatur, tu defendis :
Quod est anceps tu dissolvis,
Quod tegendum tu involvis.
Tu intrare me non sinas
Infernales officinas ;
Ubi mœror, ubi metus,

Ubi fætor, ubi fletus,
Ubi probra deteguntur,
Ubi rei confunduntur,
Ubi tortor semper cædens,
Ubi vermis semper edens ;
Ubi totum hoc perenne,
Quia perpes mors gehennæ.

Me receptet Syon illa
Syon, David urbs tranquilla,
Cujus faber Auctor lucis,
Cujus portæ lignum crucis,
Cujus muri lapis vivus,
Cujus custos Rex festivus.
In hâc urbe lux solennis,
Ver æternum, pax perennis :
In hâc odor implens cœlos,
In hâc semper festum melos ;
Non est ibi corruptela,
Non defectus, non querela ;
Non minuti, non deformes,
Omnes Christo sunt conformes,
Urbs cœlestis, urbs beata,
Super petram collocata,
Urbs in portu satis tuto,
De longinquo te saluto,
Te saluto, te suspiro,
Te affecto, te requiro.
Quantum tui gratulantur,
Quam festive convivantur,
Quis affectus eos stringat,
Aut quæ gemma muros pingat,

Quis chalcedon, quis jacinthus,
Norunt illi qui sunt intus.
In plateis hujus urbis,
Sociatus piis turbis,
Cum Moyse et Eliâ
Pium cantem Alleluya.

Amen.

Hildebert.—This being the conclusion of the Hymn as given by Trench.

XLV.

IN EXEQUIIS DEFUNCTORUM.



AM mœsta quiesce querela,
Lacrimas suspendite matres;
Nullus sua pignora plangat,
Mors hæc reparatio vitæ est.

Nam quod requiescere corpus
Vacuum sine mente videmus,
Spatium breve restat ut alti
Repetat collegia sensus.

Venient cito sæcula, cum jam
Socius calor ossa revisat,
Animataque sanguine vivo
Habitacula pristina gestet.

Quæ pigra cadavera pridem
Tumulis putrefacta jacebant,
Volucres rapiuntur in auras
Animas comitata priores.

Sic semina sicca virescunt
Jam mortua, jamque sepulta,
Quæ reddita cespiti ab imo
Veteres meditantur aristas.

Nunc suscipe terra fovendum
Gremioque hunc concipe molli;
Hominis tibi membra sequestro,
Generosa et fragmina credo.

Animæ fuit hæc domus olim,
Factoris ab ore creatæ;
Fervens habitavit in istis
Sapientia, principe Christo.

Tu depositum tege corpus;
Non immemor ille requiret
Sua munera fictor et auctor,
Propriique ænigmata vultus,

Veniant modo tempora justa
Quum spem Deus impleat omnem,
Reddas patefacta necesse est
Qualem tibi trado figuram,

Non, si cariosa vetustas
Dissolverit ossa favillis,

Fueritque cinisculus arens,
Minimi mensura pugilli :

Nec, si vaga flamina et auræ,
Vacuum per inane volantes,
Tulerint cum pulvere nervos,
Hominem periisse licebit.

Sed dum resolubile corpus
Revocas, Deus, atque reformas,
Quânam regione jubebis
Animam requiescere puram ?

Gremio senis addita sancti
Recubabit, ut est Eleazar,
Quem floribus undique septum
Dives procul aspicit ardens.

Sequimur tua dicta, Redemptor,
Quibus atrâ morte triumphans,
Tua per vestigia mandas,
Socium crucis ire latronem.

Patet ecce fidelibus ampli
Via lucida jam Paradisi,
Licet et nemus illud adire,
Homini, quod ademerat anguis.

Nos tecta fovebimus ossa
Violis et fronde frequenti,
Titulumque et frigida saxa
Liquido spargemus odore.

XLVI.

DE RESURRECTIONE DOMINI.



YMA vetus expurgetur,
Ut sincere celebretur
Nova resurrectio,
Hæc est dies nostræ spei,
Hujus mira vis diei
Legis testimonio.

Hæc Ægyptum spoliavit,
Et Hebræos liberavit
De fornace ferreâ :
His in arcto constitutis
Opus erat servitutis
Lutum, later, palea.

Jam divinæ laus virtutis,
Jam triumphî, jam salutis
Vox erumpat libera :
Hæc est dies quam fecit Dominus,
Dies nostri doloris terminus,
Dies salutifera !

Lex est umbra futurorum,
Christus finis promissorum,
 Qui consummat omnia.
Christi sanguis igneam
Hebetavit rhomphæam,
 Amotâ custodiâ.

Puer, nostri forma risûs,
Pro quo vervex est occisus,
 Vitæ signat gaudium.
Joseph exit de cisternâ
Christus redit ad superna
 Post mortis supplicium.

Hic dracones Pharaonis
Draco vorat, a draconis
 Immunis malitiâ,
Quos ignitus vulnerat,
Hos serpentis liberat
 Ænei præsentia.

Anguem forat in maxillâ
Christus, hamus et armilla;
 In cavernam reguli
Manum mittit ablactatus,
Et sic fugit exturbatus
 Vetus hospes sæculi.

Irrisores Helisæi,
Dum conscendit domum Dei,

Zelum calvi sentiunt,
 David arreptitius,
 Hircus emissarius,
 Et passer effugiunt.

In maxillâ mille sternit,
 Et de tribu suâ spernit
 Samson matrimonium :
 Samson Gazæ seras pandit,
 Et asportans portas scandit
 Montis supercilium.

Sic de Judâ Leo fortis,
 Fractis portis diræ mortis,
 Die surgit tertiâ.
 Rugiente voce Patris,
 Ad supernæ sinum matris
 Tot revexit spolia.

Cetus Jonam fugitivum,
 Veri Jonæ signativum,
 Post tres dies reddit vivum
 De ventris angustiâ :
 Botrus Cypri reflorescit,
 Dilatatur et excrescit ;
 Synagogæ flos marcescit,
 Et floret Ecclesia.

Mors et vita confligare,
 Resurrexit Christus vere,
 Et cum Christo surrexere

Multi testes gloriæ,
Mane novum, mane lætum,
Vespertinum tergat fletum ;
Quia vita vicit letum,
Tempus est lætitiæ.

Jesu victor, Jesu vita,
Jesu, vitæ via trita,
Cujus morte mors sopita,
Ad paschalem nos invita
Mensam cum fiduciâ.
Vive panis, vivax unda,
Vera vitis et fœcunda,
Tu nos pasce, tu nos munda,
Ut a morte nos secundâ
Tua salvet gratia.

Adam of St. Victor.

XLVII.

IN FESTO S. KATHERINÆ.



OX sonora nostri chori
Nostro sonet conditori,
Qui disponit omnia :
Per quem dimicat imbellis,
Per quem datur et puellis

De viris victoria :
Per quem plebs Alexandrina
Fœminæ non fœminina
Stupuit ingenia ;
Dum beata Katharina
Doctos vinceret doctrinâ,
Ferrum patientiâ.
Hæc ad gloriam parentum
Pulchrum dedit ornamentum.
Morum privilegia ;
Clara per progenitores
Claruit per sacros mores
Ampliori gratiâ.
Florem teneri decoris
Lectionis et laboris

Attrivere studia :
Nam per legum disciplinas,
Seculares et divinas,
In adolescentiâ,
Vas electum, vas virtutum
Reputavit quasi lutum
Bona transitoria,
Et reduxit in contemptum
Patris opes, et parentum
Larga patrimonia.
Vasis oleum includens,
Virgo sapiens et prudens,
Sponso pergit obvia ;
Ut adventus ejus horâ
Præparata, sine morâ
Intret ad convivia.
Sistitur Imperatori,
Cupiens pro Christo mori,
In cujus præsentîâ
Quinquaginta sapientes
Mutos reddit et silentes
Virginis facundia.
Carceris horrendum claustrum,
Et rotarum triste plastrum,
Famem et jejunia,
Et quæcunque fiunt ei,
Sustinet amore Dei,
Eadem ad omnia.
Torta superat tortorem ;
Superat Imperatorem
Fœminæ constantia.

Cruciatur Imperator,
 Quia cedit cruentator,
 Nec valent supplicia,
 Tandem capite punitur,
 Et dum morte mors finitur,
 Vitæ subit gaudia ;
 Angelis mox fuit curæ
 Dare corpus sepulturæ
 Terrâ procul aliâ ;
 Et laudetur sine fine
 Christus finis Katherinæ.

Amen.

Adam of St. Victor.

XLVIII.

AD SPIRITUM SANCTUM.



VENI, Sancte Spiritus,
 Et emitte cœlitus
 Lucis tuæ radium.

Veni, pater pauperum,
 Veni, dator munerum
 Veni, lumen cordium :

Consolator optime,
 Dulcis hospes animæ,
 Dulce refrigerium :

In labore requies,
In æstu temperies,
In fletu solatium.

O lux beatissima,
Reple cordis intima
Tuorum fidelium.

Sine tuo numine
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est innoxium.

Lava quod est sordidum,
Riga quod est aridum,
Sana quod est saucium :

Flecte quod est rigidum
Fove quod est frigidum,
Rege quod est devium.

Da tuis fidelibus
In te confidentibus
Sacrum septenarium ;

Da virtutis meritum,
Da salutis exitum,
Da perenne gaudium.

King Robert of France.

XLIX.

IN FESTO SS. TRINITATIS.



PROFITENTES Unitatem
Veneremur Trinitatem
Pari reverentiâ :
Tres Personas asserentes
Personali differentes
A se differentiâ.

Hæc dicuntur relative,
Cum sint unum substantive,
Non tria principia ;
Sive dicas tres vel tria
Simplex tamen est usia,
Non triplex essentia.

Simplex esse, simplex posse,
Simplex velle, simplex nosse,
Cuncta sunt simplicia :
Non unius quam duarum
Sive trium personarum
Minor efficacia.

Pater, Proles, sacrum Flamen,
Deus unus;—sed hi tamen
 Habent quædam propria :
Una virtus, unum lumen,
Unus splendor, unum numen,
 Hoc una quod alia.

Patri Proles est æqualis :
Nec hoc tollit personalis
 Amborum distinctio :
Patri compar Filioque,
Spiritualis ab utroque
 Procedit connexio.

Non humanâ ratione
Capi possunt hæ Personæ,
 Nec harum discretio :
Non hic ordo temporalis,
Non hic situs, aut localis
 Rerum circumscriptio.

Nil in Deo præter Deum :
Nulla causa præter eum
 Qui creat causalia :
Effectiva vel formalis
Causa Deus et finalis,
 Sed nunquam materia.

Digne loqui de Personis
Vim transcendit rationis,

Excedit ingenia :
Quid sit "*gigni*," quid "*processus*,"
Me nescire sum professus ;
Sed fide non dubiâ.

Qui sic credit, ne festinet,
Et a viâ non declinet
Insolenter regiâ ;
Servet fidem, firmet mores,
Nec attendat ad errores
Quos damnat Ecclesia.

Nos in fide gloriemur :
Nos in unâ modulemur
Fidei constantiâ :
Trinæ læus Unitati,
Sic et simplæ Trinitati
Co-eterna gloria.

Amen.

L.

LAUS PATRIÆ CŒLESTIS.



URBS Syon inclyta, turris et edita littore
tuto,

Te peto, te colo, te flagro, te volo, canto,
saluto ;

Nec meritis peto, nam meritis meto morte
perire,

Nec reticens tego, quod meritis ego filius iræ :

Vita quidem mea, vita nimis rea, mortua vita,

Quippe reatibus exitialibus obruta, trita.

Spe tamen ambulo, præmia postulo speque fideque,

Illa perennia postulo præmia nocte dieque.

Me Pater optimus, atque piissimus ille creavit ;

In lue pertulit, ex lue sustulit, a lue lavit.

Gratia cœlica sustinet unica totius orbis

Parcere sordibus, interioribus unctio morbis ;

Diluit omnia cœlica gratia, fons David undans

Omnia diluit, omnibus affluit, omnia mundans :

O pia gratia, celsa palatia cernere præsta,

Ut videam bona, festaque consona, cœlica festa.

O mea, spes mea, tu Syon aurea, clarior auro,
 Agmine splendida, stans duce, florida perpete lauro,
 O bona patria, num tua gaudia teque videbo ?
 O bona patria, num tua præmia plena tenebo ?
 Dic mihi, flagito, verbaque reddito, dicque, "*Videbis,*"
 Spem solidam gero? Remne tenens ero? Dic,
 "*Retinebis,*"

O sacer, o pius, o ter et amplius ille beatus,
 Cui sua pars Deus: o miser, o reus, hâc viduatus.

Bernard of Clugny. From Trench.

LI.



T axe sunt serena
 Nocturna sidera,
 Ut verna sunt amœna
 In campis lilia :

Sic virgo, claritatis
 Es flore fulgida,
 Sic mater, caritatis
 Es rore limpida.

LII.

DE DIE JUDICII.



PPAREBIT repentina dies magna
domini,

Fur obscurâ velut nocte improvisos
occupans.

Brevis totus tum parebit prisci luxus
sæculi,

Totum simul cum clarebit præterisse sæculum.

Clangor tubæ per quaternas terræ plagas concinens

Vivos una mortuosque Christo ciet obviam.

De cœlesti judex arce, majestate fulgidus.

Claris angelorum choris comitatus aderit :

Erubescet orbis lunæ, sol et obscurabitur,

Stellæ cadent pallescentes, mundi tremet ambitus ;

Flamma ignis anteibit justi vultum Judicis,

Cœlos, terras et profundi fluctus ponti devorans.

Gloriosus in sublimi Rex sedebit solio,

Angelorum tremebunda circumstabunt agmina,

Hujus omnes ad electi colligentur dexteram,

Pravi pavent a sinistris, hædi velut foetidi :

Ite, dicet rex ad dextros, regnum cœli sumite,

Pater vobis quod paravit ante omne sæculum,

Karitate qui fraternâ me juvistis pauperem,
 Caritatis nunc mercedem reportate divites.
Læti dicent : quando Christe pauperem te vidimus,
 Te Rex magne vel egentem miserati juvimus,
Magnus illis dicet Judex : cum juvistis pauperem.
 Panem, domum, vestem dantes, me juvistis humiles.
Nec tardabit et sinistris loqui justus Arbiter :
 In gehennæ, maledicti, flammæ hinc discedite ;
Obscrantem me audire despexistis mendicum.
 Nudo vestem non dedistis, neglexistis languidum.
Peccatores dicent : Christe, quando te vel pauperem,
 Te, rex magne, vel infirmum contemnentes sprevimus?
Quibus contra Judex altus : mendicanti quamdiu
 Opem ferre despexistis, me sprevistis improbi.
Retro ruent tum injusti ignes in perpetuos,
 Vermis quorum non morietur, flamma nec restinguitur,
Satan, atro cum ministris quo tenetur carcere,
 Fletus ubi mugitusque, strident omnes dentibus
Tunc fideles ad cœlestem sustollentur patriam,
 Choros inter angelorum regni petent gaudia,
Urbis summæ Hirusalem introibunt gloriam
 Vera lucis atque pacis in quâ fulget visio.
Xistum Regem jam paternâ claritate splendidum,
 Ubi celsa beatorum contemplantur agmina.
Ydri fraudes ergo cave, infirmantes subleva,
 Aurum temne, fuge luxus si vis astra petere ;
Zonâ clarâ castitatis lumbos nunc præcingere,
 In occursum magni Regis fer ardentem lampadas.

LIII.



COLLAUDEMUS Magdalenæ lacrimas
et gaudium,
Sonent voces laude plenæ de concentu
cordium ;
Ut concordet philomelæ turturis sus-
pirium.

Jesum quærens convivarum turbas non erubuit,
Pedes unxit, lacrimarum fluvio quos abluit,
Crine tersit et culparum veniam promeruit.

Suum lavit mundatorem, rivo fons immaduit,
Pium fudit flos liquorem, in ipsum refluat ;
Cælum terræ dedit rorem, terra cælum compluit.

In prædulci mixtione nardum ferens pisticum,
In unguenti fusione typum gessit mysticum,
Ut sanetur unctione unxit ægra medicum.

Pie Christus hanc respexit speciali gratiâ,
Quia multum hunc dilexit dimittuntur vitia,
Christi quando resurrexit facta est prænuntia.

Æstimavit hortulanum et hoc sane credidit,
 Seminavit enim granum quod in mentem cecidit,
 Linguam novit et non manum, linguam Christus indidit.

Non agnovit figurali latentem imagine,
 Mentis agrum spiritali excolentem semine,
 Sed cum eam speciali designavit nomine.

O Maria, noli flere, jam non quæras alium ;
 Hortulanus hic est vere et colonus mentium,
 Intra mentis ortum quære mentis operarium.

Unde planctus et lamentum, quid mentem non erigis ?
 Quid revolvīs monumentum, tecum est quem diligis,
 Jesum quæris, et inventum habes nec intelligis.

Pedes Christi quos lavisti fonte lota gratiæ,
 Quem ab ipso recepisti funde rorem veniæ,
 Resurgentis quem vidisti fac consortes gloriæ.

Amen.

LIV.



SOL salutis, intimis
Jesu refuge mentibus,
Dum nocte pulsâ gratior
Orbi dies renascitur.

Dans tempus acceptabile,
Da lacrimarum rivulis
Lavare cordis victimam,
Quam læta adurat Charitas.

Quo fonte manavit nefas,
Fluent perennes lacrymæ,
Si virga pœnitentiæ
Cordis rigorem conterat.

Dies venit, dies tua,
In quâ reflorent omnia :
Lætetur et nos in viam
Tuâ reducti dexterâ.

Te prona mundi machina
 Clemens adoret Trinitas,
 Et nos novi per gratiam
 Novum canamus canticum !

Amen.

From Roman Breviary. 1st Sunday in Lent.

LV.



ETERNE Rector siderum,
 Qui, quidquid est, potentiâ
 Magnâ creâsti, nec regis
 Minore providentiâ ;

Adesto supplicantium
 Tibi reorum cœtui ;
 Lucisque sub crepusculum
 Lucem novam da mentibus ;

Tuusque nobis Angelus
 Electus ad custodiam,
 Hic adsit, a contagio
 Ut criminum nos protegat ;

Nobis draconis æmuli
 Versutias exterminet,
 Ne rete fraudulentia
 Incauta nectat pectora :

Metum repellat hostium
 Nostris procul de finibus,
 Pacem procuret civium
 Fugetque pestilentiam.

Deo Patri sit gloria
 Qui quos redemit Filius
 Et sanctus unxit Spiritus,
 Per Angelos custodiat.

Amen.

From Roman Breviary.

LVI.

DE S. APOSTOLIS.



TOLA regni laureatus,
 Summi Regis est senatus
 Cœtus apostolicus ;
 Cui psallant mens et ora ;
 Mentis mundæ vox sonora
 Hymnus est angelicus.

Hic est ordo mundi decus,
 Omnis carnis judex æquus,
 Novæ petra gratiæ ;

U

Ab æterno præelectus,
Cujus floret architectus
Ad culmen Ecclesiæ.

Hi præclari Nazaræi
Bella crucis et tropæi
Mundo narrant gloriam ;
Sic dispensant verbum Dei
Quod nox nocti, lux diei
Indicant scientiam.

Onus leve, jugum mite
Proponentes, semen vitæ,
Mundi spargunt terminis ;
Germen promit terra culta,
Fœneratur fruge multâ
Fides Dei-hominis,

Paranymphe novæ legis,
Ad amplexum novi Regis
Sponsam ducunt regiam,
Sine rugâ, sine nævo,
Permansuram omni ævo
Virginem Ecclesiam.

Hæc est virgo gignens fœtus,
Semper nova, tamen vetus,
Sed defectûs nescia ;
Cujus thorus mens sincera,
Cujus partus fides vera,
Cujus dos est gratia.

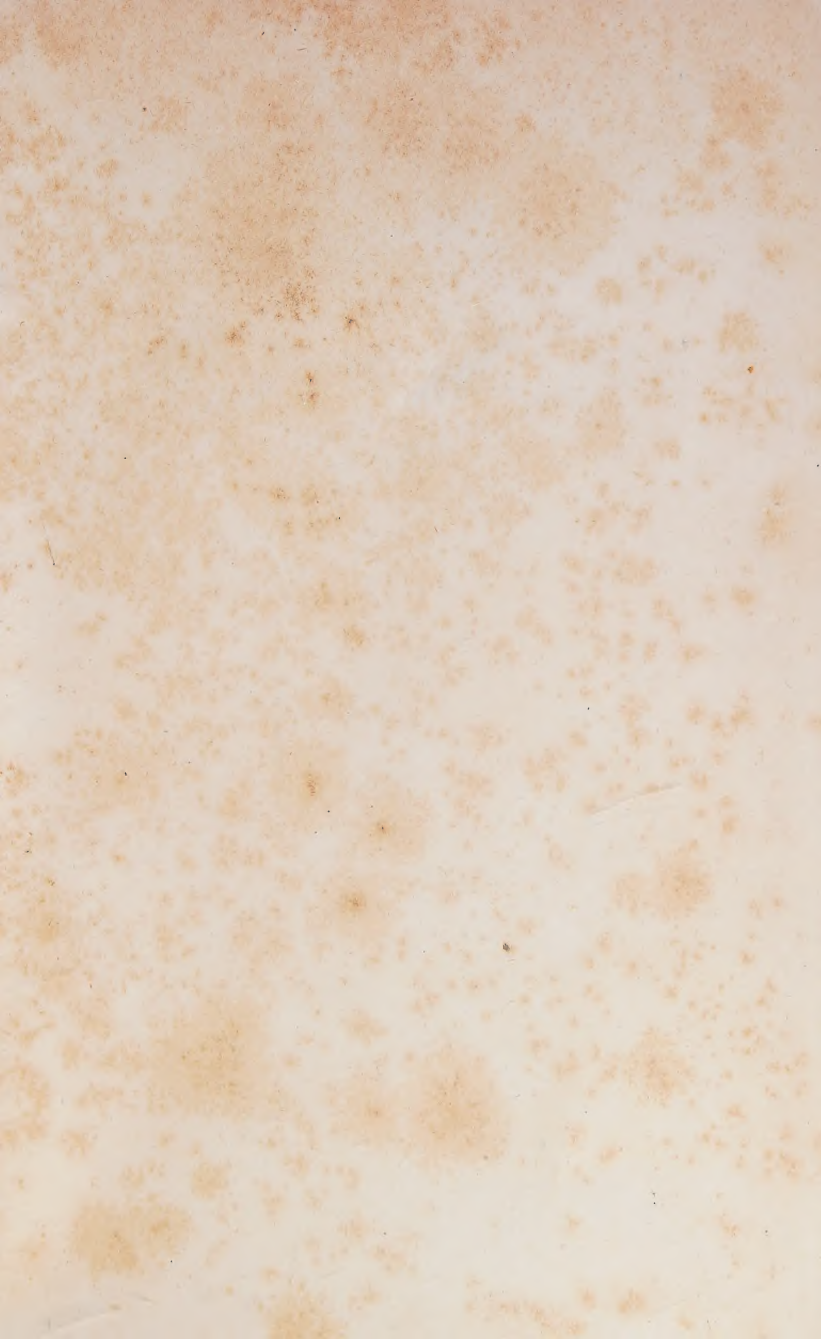
Hi sunt templi fundamentum,
Vivus lapis et cæmentum
Ligans ædificium :
Hi sunt portæ civitatis,
Hi compages unitatis,
Israël et gentium.

Hi triturant aream,
Ventilantes paleam
Ventilabri justitiâ ;
Quos designant ærei
Boves maris vitrei
Salomonis industriâ.

Patriarchæ duodeni,
Fontes aquæ gustu leni,
Panes tabernaculi,
Gemmæ vestis sacerdotis ;
Hæc figuris signant notis
Novi duces populi.

Horum nutu cedat error,
Crescat fides, absit terror
Finalis sententiæ,
Ut soluti a delictis,
Sociemur benedictis,
Ad tribunal gloriæ.

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